

THE
INSATIATE
Countess.

A
TRAGEDY;

Added at White-Friars.

Written

BY JOHN MARSTON.



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THE
INVESTMENT
COMMISSION

A
TRAGEDY
IN
ACTS

BY
JOHN MARSTON

PRODUCED
BY
THE
THEATRE
OF
AMERICA

THE
INSATIATE
Countesse.

The Countesse of *Swenia* discovered sitting at a Table
couered with blacke, on which stands two black Ta-
pers lighted, she in mourning.

Enter ROBERTO Count of Cypres, GUIDO Count of
Arsena, and Signior MIZALDVS.

Mizaldus.



What should we doe in this Countesses darke hole?
She's fullenly retyred, as the Turtle:
Euery day has beene a blacke day with her since her
husband dyed, and what should we vnruly members
make here?

Guid. As melancholy night masques vp heauens face,
So doth the Euening starre present her selfe
Vnto the carefull Shepheards glad some eyes,
By which vnto the folde he leades his flocke.

Mizald. Zounds what a sheepish beginning is here? tis
hid true, Loue is simple; and it may well hold; and thou art a
simple louer.

Roberto. See how yond Starre like beauty in a cloud,
Illumines darknesse, and beguiles the Moone
Oall her glory in the firmament.

A A *Mizald.*

The insatiate Countesse.

Mizal. Well said man i'the Moone. Was euer such Astro-
nomers? Marry I feare none of these will fall into the right
Ditch.

Robert. Madame.

Count Ha Anna, what are my doores vnbarr'd?

Miz. Ile assure you the way into your Ladiship is open.

Rob. And God defend that any prophane hand
Should offer sacrifice to such a Saint.

Louely Isabella, by this durious kisse,

That drawes part of my Soule along with it,

Had I but thought my rude intrusion

Had wak'd the Doue-like spleene harbour'd within you,

Life and my first borne should not satisfie

Such a transgression, worthy of a checke,

But that Immortals wincke at my offence,

Makes me presume more boldly: I am come

To raise you from this so infernall sadnesse

Isab. My Lord of Cypres, doe not mocke my grefe:

Teares are as due, as Tribute, to the dead,

As feare to God, and duty vnto Kings,

Loue to the Iust, or hate vnto the Wicked.

Robert. Surc ease.

Beleeue it is a wrong vnto the Gods:

They saile against the winde that waile the deade.

And since his heart hath wrestled with deaths pangs,

From whose sterne Caue none tracts a backward path.

Leaue to lament this necessary change,

And thanke the Gods, for they can giue as good.

Isab. I waile his losse I Sinke him tenne cubites deeper,

I may not feare his resurrection:

I will be sworne vpon the holy Writ

I morne thus. feruent cause he di'd no sooner:

Hee buried me aliue,

And mued mee vp like *Cretan Dedalus*,

And with wall-ey'd Ielousie hept me from hope

Of any waxen wings to flye to pleasure.

But now his soule her Argos eyes hath clo'sd,

and

The insatiate Countesse.

And I am free as ayre. You of my sexe,
In the first flow of youth vse you the sweets
Due to your proper beauties, ere the ebbe
And long wain of vnwelcome change shall come.
Faire women play : she's chaste whom none will haue.
Here is a man of a most milde aspect
Temperate, effeminate, and worthy loue,
One that with burning ardor hath pursued me :
A donatiue he hath of euery God;
Apollo gaue him lockes, *Ioue* his high front.
The God of Eloquence his flowing speech,
The feminine Deities strowed all their bounties
And beautie on his face : that eye was *Iuno's*
Those lips were his that wonne the golden Ball,
That virgin-blush *Diana's* : here they meete,
As in a sacred Synod. My Lords, I must intreate
A while your wisht forbearance.

Omnes. We obey you Lady. *Exit Guido and Mizald.*

If. My Lord, with you I haue some conference. *Ma. Rob,*
I pray my Lord, doe you woo euery Lady
In this phrased you doe me?

Rob. Fairest, till now,
Loue was an Infant in my Oratory,

Ifab. And kisse thus too?

Rob. I ne'r was so kist, leaue thus to please,
Flames into flames, seas thou powrest into seas.

Ifab. Pray frowne my Lord, let me see how many wiues
You'll haue. Heigh-ho, you'll bury me I see.

Rob. In the Swans downe and tombe thee in mine armes.

Ifab. Then folkes shall pray in vaine to send me rest.
A way, you're such another medling Lord.

Rob. By heauen my loue's as chaste as thou art faire,
And both exceede comparison, by this kisse,
That crownes me Monarch of another world
Superiour to the first, faire, thou shalt see
As vnto heauen, my loue so vnto thee.

(hand,

Ifab. Alas poore creatures, when we are once o'the falling

The insatiate Countesse.

A man may easily come ouer vs:
It is as hard for vs to hide our loue,
As to shut sinne from the Creators eyes.
I faith my Lord, I had a Months minde vnto you.
As tedious as a full ri'dd Maiden head.
And Count of Cyper's, thinke my loue as pure,
As the first opening of the bloomes in May;
Your vertues may; nay, let me not blush to say so:
And see for your sake thus I leaue to sorrow
Beginne this subtile coniuration with mee,
And as this Taper, due vnto the dead,
I here extinguish, so my late dead Lord
I put out euer from my memory,
That his remembrance may not wrong our loue *Puts out*
As bold-fac'd women when they wed another, *the Taper.*
Banquet their husbands with their dead lones heads.

Rob. And as I sacrifice this to his Ghost;
With this expire all corrupt thoughts of youth,
That fame-insatiate Diuell Iealousie,
And all the sparkes that may bring vnto flame,
Hate betwixt man and wife or breed defame.

Enter Mizaldus and Mendosa.

Guid. Mary Amen, I say: Madame, are you that were in
for all day, now come to be in for all night? How now Count
Arsena?

Miz. Faith Signior not vnlike the condemn'd malefactor,
That heares his iudgement openly pronounc'd;
But I ascribe to Fate, Ioyswell your loue.
Cypres, and Willow grace my drooping crest.

Rob. We doe entend our Hymeneall rights
With the next rising Sunne. Count Cypres,
Next to our Bride, the welcomst to our feast.

Count. Ars. Sancta Maria, what thinkst thou of this change?
A Players passion Ile beleene hereafter,
And in a Tragicke Sceane weepe for olde *Priam*,
When fell reuenging *Pirrhus* with supposde
And artificiall wounds mangles his breast.

And

The insatiate Countesse.

And thinke it a more worthy act to me,
Then trust a female mourning ore her loue:
Naught that is done of woman shall me please,
Natures step-children rather her desire.

Miz. Learne of a well composed Epigram,
A womans loue, and thus 'twas sung vnto vs:
The Tapers that stood on her husbands hearse
Isabell aduances to a second bed:

Is it not wondrous strange for to rehearse
Shee should so soone forget her husband dead
One houre? for if the husbands life once fade,
Both loue and husband in one graue are laid.
But we forget our selues, I am for the marriage
Of Signior *Claridiana*, and the fine *Mris. Abigall*.

Count. Ars. I for his arch-foes wedding Signior *Rogero*,
and the spruce *Mris. Thais*: but see, the solemne rites are en-
ded, and from their seuerall Temples they are come.

Mizal. A quarrell on my life.

*Enter at one doore Signior Claridiana, Abigal his wife,
the Lady Lentulus with Rosemary as from Church. At
the other doore Signior Rogero and Thais his wife, Men-
dosa Foscarii, Nephew to the Duke, from the Bridall,
they see one another, and draw, Count Arsena and others step
betweene them.*

Clarid. Good my Lord detaine me not, I will tilt at him.

Rogero. Remember, Sir, this is your wedding day,
And that triumph belongs onely to your wife.

Rogero. If you be noble let me cut off his head.

Clarid. Remember o'the other side, you haue a maiden-
head of your owne to cut off.

Reg. Ile make my marriage day like to the bloudy bridal:
Alcides by the fierie Centaurs had.

Thais. Husband, deare Husband!

Reg. Away with these catterwallers,
Come on sir.

Clarid. Thou sonne of a Iew.

Guid alas poore wench, thy husband's circumcis'd.

Clarid.

The insatiate Countesse.

Clarid. Begot when thy fathers face was toward th East,
To shew that thou wouldst proue a Caterpillar;
His Messias shall not saue thee from me,
He send thee to him in collops.

Arson. O fry not in choler so Sir.

Roger. Mountebanke with thy Pedanticall action,
Rimatrix, Buglers, Rhinocers

Mend. Gentlemen, I coniure you
By the vertues of men.

Rog. Shall any broken Quacksaluers Baitard oppose him
to mee in my Nuptials? No, but He shew him better mettall
then ere the Gallemawfrey his father vsed. Thou scumme
of his melting pots, that wert christned in a Crusoile, with
Mercuries water, O shew thou wouldst proue a stinging As-
pis; for all thou spitst is *Aqua fortis*, and thy breath is a com-
pound of poysons stillatory: if I get within thee, hadst thou
the scaly hyde of a Crocodile, as thou art partly of his na-
ture, I would leaue thee as bare as an Anatomy at the second
veiwng,

Clarid. Thou Iew, of the Tribe of Gad, that I were sure,
were there none here but thou and I, wouldst teach mee the
Art of breathing, thou wouldst runnelike a Dromidarie,

Clar. Thou that are the tal't man of Christendome when
thou art alone, if thou dost maintaine this to my face, He
make thee skip on Ounce.

Mend. Nay, good sir, be you still.

Roger. Let the Quacksaluers tonne by still:
His father was still, and still, and still againe.

Clarid. By the Almighty He study Negromancy but He
be reueng'd.

Ar. Gentlemen, leaue these dissentions,
Signior Rogero, you are a man of worth.

Clarid. True, all the Citie points at him for a Knaue.

Count. *Ar.* You are of like reputation Signior *Cloridiana*;
The hatred twixt your Grandfires first beganne,
Impute it to the folly of that age.
These your dissentions may erect a faction,

Like

The insatiate Countesse.

Like to the *Capulies* and *Montagues*.

Mend. Put it to equall arbitration, choose your friends,
The Senators will thinke 'em happy in't.

Miz. Ile ne're embrace the smoake of a Furnace, the quintessence of minerall or simples, or as I may say more learnedly, nor the spirit of Quick-silver.

Clarid. Nor I such a Centaure, halfe a man, halfe an Asse, and all a I-w.

Asen. Nay, then we will be Constables, and force a quiet :
Gentlemen, keepe 'em a sunder, and helpe to persuade 'em.

Mend. Well Ladies, your Husbands behaue 'em as lustily on their wedding-dayes, as e're I heard any. Nay Lady-widow, you and I must haue a falling: you're of Signior *Mizaldus* faction, and I am your vowed enemy, from the bodkin to the pincase. hearke in your eare.

Abig. Well *Thais* : O ! you're a cunning caruer: we two that any time these foureteens yeeres haue called sisters brought and bred vp together : that haue told one another all our wanton dreames, talk't all night-long of young men, & spent many an idle houre, fasted vpon the stones on *S. Agnes* night together, practised all the petulant amorousnesses that delight young Maides, yet haue you conceal'd not onely the marriage, but the man: and well you might deceiue me, for i'le be sworne you neuer dream'd of him, and it stands against all reason you should enioy him you neuer dream'd of.

Thais. Is not all this the same in you ? Did you euer manifest your Sweet-hearts nose, that I might nose him by't? commended his calfe, or his nether lip ? apparant signes that you were not in loue, or wisely couered it. Haue you euer said, such a man goes vpright, or has a better gate then any of the rest, as indeed since he is prooued a *Magnifico*, I thought thou would't haue put it into my hands what ere't had beene.

Abi. Well wench, wee haue crosse fates: our Husbands such inueterate foes, and we such entire friends; but the best is wee are neighbours, and our backe-Arbors may afford visitation freely: prethee, let vs maintaine our familiarity still. Whatsoeuer thy Husband doe vnto thee, as I am afraid he will crosse it i' the nicke.

B

Thais.

The insatiate Countesse.

Thais. Faith, you little one, If I please him in one thing, hee shall please me in all, that's certaine. Who shall I haue to keep my counsell if I misse thee? who shall teach mee to vse the bridle when the reynes are in mine own hand? what to long for when to take Phisicke? where to be melancholy? why, we two are one anothers grounds, without which would be no Musick.

Abig. Well said wench, and the Pricke-song we vse shall be our husbands.

Thais. I will long for Swines-flesh o'the first childe.

Abig. Wilt'ou little Iew? And I to kisse thy husband vpon the least belly-ake. This will mad'em

Thais. I kisse thee wench for that, and with it confirme our friendship.

Mend. By these sweet lips Widdow.

Lady Lent. Good my Lord learne to sweare by rore.
Your birth and fortune makes my braine suppose,
That like a man heated with wines and lust,
Shee that is next your object is your mate,
Till the foule water haue quencht out the fire.
You the Dukes kinsman tell me I am young,
Faire, rich, and vertuous; I my selfe will flatter
My selfe, till you are gone, that are more faire,
More rich, more vertuous, and more debonaire:
All which are ladders to an higher reach:
Who drinke a puddle that may tast a spring?
Who kisse a Subiect that may hugge a King?

Mend. Yes the Camell alwayes drinke in puddle-water,
And as for huggings reade Antiquities.
Faith, Madam, Ile boord thee one of these dayes.

Lady. I, but ne're bed me my Lord: my vow is firme
Since God hath called me to this noble state,
Much to my greefe, of vertuous Widdow-hood;
No man shall euer come within my gates.

Men. Wilt thou ram vpthy porch-hold? O widdow, I perceine
You're ignorant of the Louers legerdemaine.
There is a fellow that by Magicke will assist
To murther Princes inuisible; I can command his spirit.

Or

The insatiate Countesse.

Or what say you to a fine scaling Ladder of ropes?
I can tell you, I am a mad, wag-halter:
But by the vertue I see seated in you,
And by the worthy fame is blazond of you,
By little *Cupid*, that is mighty nam'd,
And can command my looter follies downe,
I loue, and must enioy, yet with such limits,
As one that knowes inforced marriage
To be the Furies sister. Thinke of me.

Amb. Ha, ha, ha.

Mend. How now Lady, does the toy take you, as they say?

Abig. No, my Lord, nor doe we take your toy, as they say.

This is a childes birth, that must not be deliuered before a man
Though your Lordship might be a Midwife for your chinne.

Mend. Some bawdy riddle is't not? you long til't by night.

Thais. No, my Lord, womens longing comes after their marriage night. Sister, see you be constant now.

Abig. Why, dost thinke Ile make my Husband a Cuckold?
Oh here they come.

*Enter at severall doores Count Arf. with Claridiana: Guido,
with Rogero at another doore, Mendoza meets them.*

Mend. Signior Rogero, are you yet qualified?

Rog. Yes: does any man thinke ile goe like a sheepe to the
slaughter? Hands off my Lord, your Lordship may chance
come vnder my hands: if you doe, I shall shew my selfe a Ci-
tizen, and reuenge basely.

Clar. I thinke if I were receiuing the holy Sacrament
His sight would make me gnash my teeth terribly:
But there's the beauty without paralell, To *Abigail*.
In whom the Graces and the Vertues meete:
In her aspect milde Honour sits and smiles:
And who lookes there, were it the sauage beare,
But would deriue new nature from her eyes.
But to be reconcil'd simply for him,
Were mankind to be lost againe, I'de let it,
And a new heape of stones should stocke the world:
In heauen and earth this power beauty hath.

B.

It

The insatiate Countesse.

It inflames Temperance, and temp'rates wrath :
What e're thou art, mine art thou wise or chaste:
I shall set hard vpon thy marriage-vow,
And write reuenge high in thy Husbands brow,
In a strange Character. You may beginne sir.

Mend Signior Claridiana, I hope Signior *Rogero*
Thus employed me about a good office,
'T were worthy *Ciceroes* tongue, a famous Oration now:
But friendship that is mutually embraced of the Gods,
And is *Ioues* Vsher to each sacred Synod,
Without the which he could not reigne in heauen,
That ouer-goes my admiration, shall not vnder-go my censure.
These hot flames of rage that else will be
As fire mid'st your nuptiall Iolitic,
Burning the edge off to the present Ioy,
And keepe you wake to terror.

Clarid. I haue not yet swallowed the Rhinatrix, nor the O-
nocentaure, the Rhinoceros was monstrous.

Arsen. Sir, be you of the more flexible nature, and confesse
an error.

Clarid. I must, the Gods of loue command;
And that bright starre, her eye, that guides my fate.
Signior *Rogero*, ioy then Signior *Rogero*.

Rog. Signior, sir, O Diuell.

Thais. Good Husband, shew your selfe a temperate man,
Your mother was a woman I dare sweare;
Noe Tyger got you, nor noe Beare was riual
In your conception; you seeme like the issue
The Painters limbe leaping from Enuies mouth,
That deuoures all hee meetes.

Rog. Had the last, or the least Syllable
Of this more then immortall eloquence,
Commenc'd to me when rage had beene so high
Within my bloud, that it ore-top't my soule,
Like to the Lyon when he heares the sound
Of *Dian's* Bow-string in some shady wood,
I should haue couch't my lowly limbe on earth,

And

The insatiate Countesse.

And held my silence a proud sacrifice.

Clas. Slaue, I will fight with thee at any odds,
Or name an instrument fit for destruction,
That ne're was made to make away a man,
Ile meet thee on the ridges of the Alpes,
Or some inhospitable wilderness,
Stark-naked, at push of pike, or keene Curtl-axe,
At Turkish Sickle, Babylonian Saw,
The ancient Hookes of great *Cadwallader*,
Or any other heathen inuention.

Thais. O! God bleffe the man.

Lent. Counsell him, good my Lord.

Mend. Our tongues are weary, and he desperate,
He does refuse to heare: What shall we doe?

Clas. I am not mad, I can heare, I can see, I can feele,
But a wise rage in man, wrongs past compare,
Should be well nourisht as his vertues are:
I'de haue it knowne vnto each valiant spirit,
He wrongs noe man that to himselfe does right.

Catzo I hadone, Signior *Rogero*, I hadone.

Arsen. By heauen! this voluntary reconciliation made
Freely and of it selfe, argues vnfaign'd
And vertuous knot of loue. Soe sirs, embrace.

Rog. Sir. by the conscience of a Catholike man,
And by our mother Church that bindes
And doth attone in amitie with God,
The soules of men, that they with men be one:

I tread into the center all the thoughts
Of ill in mee, toward you, and memory
Of what from you might ought disparage mee,
Wishing vnfaignedly it may sinke low,
And as vntimely birth want power to grow.

Mend. Christianly said: Signior what would you haue more?

Clar. And so I sweare, you're honest, Onocentaure.

Arsen. Nay see now, lie vpon your turbulent spirit,
Did hee doe't in this forme?

Clar. If you thinke not this sufficient, you shall command

The insatiate Countesse.

me to be reconcil'd in another forme, as a Rhinatrix, or a Rhinoceros.

Mend. S'blood, what will you doe?

Clar. Well, giue me your hands first, I am friends with you i' faith: thereupon I embrace you, kisse your Wife, and God giue vs ioy.

To Thais.

Thais. You meane me and my husband.

Clar. You take the meaning better then the speech, Lady,

Roger. The like with I, but ne'er can be the like,
And therefore with I thee.

Clar. By this bright light that is deriu'd from thee.

Thais. So sir, you make mee a very light creature.

Clar. But that thou art a blessed Angell, sent
Downe from the Gods t'attone mortall men,
I would haue thought deedes beyond all mens thoughts,
And executed more vpon his corps:
Oh let him thank the beautie of this eye,
And not his resolute sword, or destinie.

Arsen. What sayst thou *Mizaldus*, come applaud this iubile,
A day these hundred yeeres before not truely knowne,
To these diuided factions.

Clar. No nor this day had it beene falsely borne,
But that I meane to found it with his horne,

Miz. I lik'd the former iarre better: then they shewd like
men and Souldiers, now like Cowards and Leachers.

Arsen. Well said *Mizaldus*: thou art like the Base Violl in a
Confort, let the other instruments wish and delight in your
highest sence, thou art still grumbling.

Clar. Nay, sweete receiue it, *Giues it Abigail.*
And in it my heart:

And when thou read'st a moouing syllable,
Thinke that my soule was Secretary to't.
It is your loue, and not the odious wish
Of my reuenge, in stiling him a Cuckold,
Makes me presume thus farre: then read it faire,
My passion's ample. as our beauties are.

Abigail. Well sir, we will not sticke with you.

Arsen.

The insatiate Countesse.

Arsen. And Gentlemen, since it hath hap't so fortunately,
I doe entreat we may all meete to morrow,
In some Heroick Masque, to grace the Nuptials
Of the most noble Countesse of Smevia,

Mend. Who does the young Count marry?

Arsen. O sir, who but the very heire of all her sexe,
That beares the Palme of beauty from'emall:
Others compar'd to her, shew like faint Starres
To the full Moone of wonder in her face:
The Lady *Isabella*, the late Widdow
To the deceast and noble Vicount *Hermus*.

Mend. Law you there, Widdow, there's one of the last edition,
Whose Husband yet retaines in his cold trunk
Some little ayring of his noble guest,
Yet she a fresh Bride as the Moneth of May.

Gen. Well my Lord, I am none of these,
That haue my second Husband bespoke,
My doore shall be a testimony of it.
And but these noble marriages encite me,
My much abstracted presence should haue shew'd it.
If you come to me, hearken in your care my Lord,
Looke your Ladder of ropes be strong,
For I shall tie you to your tacklings.

Arsen. Gentlemen, your answer to the Masque.

Omnes. Your honour leads, we'll follow.

Rog. Signior *Claridiana*.

Clar. I attend you sir.

Abig. You'll be constant.

Clar. About the Adamant, the Goates blood shall not breake
Yet shallow fooles, and plainer morall men,
That vnderstand not what they undertake:
Fall in their owne snares, or come short of vengeance,
No; let the Sunne view with an open face,
And afterward shrink in his blushing cheekes,
Asham'd and cursing of the fixt decree,
That makes his bright hawd to the crimes of men.
When I haue ended what I now deuise.

Apollas,

The insatiate Countesse.

Apolloes Oracle shall sweare me wise,
Strumpet his wife, branch my false-seeming friend,
And make him foster what my hate begot,
A bastard, that when age and sicknesse leaze him,
Shall be a corse to his griping heart:
He write to her, for what her modesty
Will not permit, nor my adulterate forcing,
That bushlesse Herald shall not feare to tell:
Rogero shall know yet that his foe's a man,
And what is more, a true Italian. *Exit.*

Finis Actus primi.

Actus secundi Scena prima.

Enter *Roberto*, Lord Cardinall, *Isabella*, Lady *Lentulus*,
Abigail, and *Thais*. Lights.

Roberto.

MY graue Lord Cardinall, we congratulate,
And zealously doe entertaine your loue:
That from your high and diuine contemplation,
You haue vouchsaf'd to consummate a day
Due to our Nuptials: O, may this knot you knit,
This indiuiduall Gordian grasp of hands,
In sight of God soe fairely intermixt,
Neder be stuer'd, as heauen smiles at it,
By all the darts shot by infernall Ioue,
Angels of grace; Amen, Amen, say to't.
Faيرة Lady Widow, and my worthy Mistresse.
Doe you keepe silence for a wager?

Thais. Doe you aske a woman that question my Lord,
When shee enforcedly pursues what she's forbidden?
I thinke if I had beene tyed to silence,
I should haue beene worthy the Cucking-stool ere this time.

Rob. You shall not be my Orator (Lady) that pleades thus
for your selfe.

Ser.

The insatiate Countesse.

Ser. My Lord the masquers are at hand.

Rob. Giue them kinde entertainment. Some worthy friends of mine, my Lord, vnknowne to mee, to lauish of their loues, bring their owne welcome in a solemne masque.

Abig. I am glad there's Noblemen in the Masque. With our husbands to ouer-rule them, They had sham'd vs else.

Thais. Why? for why I pray?

Ab. Why? marry they had come in with some City shew else, hired a few Tincell coates at the vizard makers, which would ha' made them looke, for all the world like Bakers in their linnen bakes, and mealy vizards, new come from boulting. I saw a shew once at the marriage of Magnificeros daughter, presented by time: which time was an old bald thing, a seruant, 'twas the best man; he was a dier and came in likencesse of the rainbow in all manner of colours, to shew his art, but the rainbow smelt of vrin, so we were all affraid the property was changed and lookt for a shower. Then came in after him, one that (it seem'd) feared no colours, a grocer that had trim'd vp himselfe handsomly: hee was Iustice and shew'd reasons why. And I thinke this grocer, I meane this iustice had borrowed a weather beaten ballance from some Iustice of a conduit, both which scales were replenisht with the choice of his ware, And the more liberally to shew his nature, He gaue euery woman in the roome her handfull.

Thais. O great act of iustice! well and my husband come cleanly of with this, he shall neere betray his weaknesse more but confesse himselfe a Cittizen hereafter, and acknowledge their wit, for alas they come short.

Enter in the Masque, the Count of Arsena, Mendosa, Claridiana, torch-bearers. They deliuer their shields to their severall mistresses that is to say, Mendosa to the Lady Lentulus, Claridiana, to

Abigall; to Isabella, Guido, Count of Arsana; to

Thais Rogero.

Isa. Good my Lord be my expositer, to the Cardinall.

Car. The Sunne setting, aman pointing at it.

The Motto. Senso tamen ipso Calarem.

The insatiate Countesse.

Faire Bride, some seruant of yours, that here imitates
To haue felt the heate of loue bred in your brightnesse,
But setting thus from him, by marriage,
He onely here acknowledgeth your power.

And I must expect beames of a morrow-Sunne.

Lent. Lord Bridegroom, will you interpret me?

Rob. A sable shield: the word, *Vidua spes.*

What the forlorne hope, in blacke, despairing?

Lady *Lentulus*, is this the badge of all your Suitors?

Lent. I by my troth my Lord, if they come to me.

Rob. I could giue it another interpretation. Methinks this
Louer has learn'd of women to deale by contraries: if so, then
here he sayes, the Widdow is his onely hope.

Lent. No: good my Lord, let the first stand.

Rob. Inquire of him, and hee'l resolute the doubt.

Abig. What's here? a Ship sailing nigh her hauen?
With good ware belike: tis well ballast.

Thais. O! this your deuice smells of the Merchant. What's
your ships name, I pray? *The forlorne Hope?*

Abig. Noe: *The Merchant Royall.*

Thais. And why not *Admenturer?*

Abig. You see no likelyhood of that: would it not faine be
in the hauen? The word: *Ut tangerem portum.*

Marry, for ought I know; God grant it. What's there?

Thais. Mine's an Azure shield: marry what else; I should
tell thee more then I vnderstand; but the word is,

Aur precio, aur precibus.

Abig. I, I, some Common-counsell deuice. *They take the wo-*
Mend. Faire Widow, how like you this change? *men and dance*

Lent. I chang'd too lately to like any. *the first change.*

Mend. O your husband! you wear his memory like a death's-
For heauens loue thinke of me as of the man (head,
Whose dancing dayes you see are not yet done,

Lent. Yet you sinke a pace fir.

Mend. The fault's in my Vpholsterer, Lady.

Rob. Thou shalt as soone finde truth telling a lye,
Vertue a bawd, Honesty a Courtier,

As

The insatiate Countesse.

As me turn'd recreant to thy least designe:
Loue makes me speake, and hee makes loue diuine.

Thais. Would Loue could make you so: but 'tis his guise
To let vs surfeit ere he ope our eyes.

Abig. You grasp my hand to hard i faith, faire sir, *Holding her*
Clar. Not as you grasp my heart, vnwilling wanton. *by the hand.*
Were but my breast bare, and Anatomized,
Thou shouldst behold there how thou tortur'st it:
And as *Apelles* limm'd the *Queene of Loue*,
In her right hand grasping a heart in flames,
So may I thee, fayrer, but crueller.

Abig. Well sir, your vizor giues you colour for what you say.

Clar. Grace me to weare this fauour, 'tis a Gemme
That vailes to your eyes, though not to th'Eagles,
And in exchange giue me one word of comfort.

Abig. I marry: I like this woer well:
Hee'll win's pleasure out o'the stones. *The second change.*

Isa. change is no robbery: yet in this change *Isabella falls in loue*
Thou roob'st me of my heart, sure *Cupid's* here, with *Rogero* when
Disguis'd like a pretty Torch-bearer, *the changers speak,*
And makes his brand a torch, that with more sleight
He may intrap weake women: here the sparkes
Fly, as in *Aetra* from his Fathers anuile.

O powerfull Boy! my heart's on fire, and vnto mine eyes
The raging flames ascend, like to two Beacons,
Summoning my strongest powers, but all too late,
The Conquerour already ope's the gate.

I will not aske his name.

Abig. You dare put it into my hands.

Mend. doe you thinke I will not?

Abig. Then thus: to morrow (you'll be secret, seruant.)

Mend. All that I doe, hee doe in secret.

Abig. My husband goes to *Mucaue* to renew the Farme he has.

Mend. Well, what time goes the Iakes-farmer?

Abig. He shall not be long out, but you shall put in, I warrant
you. Haue a care that you stand iust at the nicke about fixe a
clocke in the euening; my Maide shall conduct you vp, to saue

The insatiate Countesse.

mine honour you must come vp darkling and to avoid suspicion

Mend. Zonnds hudwinkt, and if you'l open all sweet Lady.

Abig. But if you faile to doo't.

Men. The Sunne shall faile the day first,

Abig. Tie this ring fast, you may be sure to know.

You'l brag of this, now you haue brought mee to the bay.

Mend. Pox o' this Masque : would 'twere done, I might
To my Apothecaries for some stirring meats.

Tha. Me thinkes fir, you should blush e'en through your vizor.
I haue scarce patience to daunce out the rest.

Rob. The worse my fate that plowes a marble quarry :
Pigmalion yet thy Image was more kinde,
Although thy loue's not halfe so true as mine.
Dance they that list, I saile against the winde.

Thais. Nay fir betray not your infirmities;
You'l make my husband iealous by and by.
We will thinke of you and that presently.

Gnid. The spheares neer danc'd vnto a better tune.
Sound musicke there.

The third change ended

Isa. 'Twas musicke that he spake.

Ladies fall off.

Rob. Gallants I thanke you and
Begin a health to your mistresses,

3. or 4. faire thanks fir Bride-groome.

Isa. He speakes not to this pledge has he no mistresse?
Would I might chuse one for him, but 't may be
He doth adore a brighter starre then we.

Rogero dances a Leual *Rob.* Sit Ladies, sit, you haue had standing long.

to or a Galliard and in *Mend.* Blesse the man : sprt'ly and nobly done.

the midst of *Thais.* What is your Ladyship hurt?

it falleth in- *Isa.* O no an easie fall.

to the Brides *Was* I not deepe enough thou God of last,

lap, but *But* I must further wade? I am his now.

straight *As* sure as *Iunos* Ioues, *Hymen* take flight,

leapes up & *And* see not me 'tis not my wedding night.

danceth it *Car.* The Bride's departed discontent seemes.

out. *Rob.* Wee'l after her, Gallants vnmasque I pray,

And tast a homely banquet we intreate.

Exit Isabella

Exit Rob. Car.

Clarid

The insatiate Countesse.

Clarid. Candidi, Erignos I beseech thee and lights

Mend. Come widdow, Ile bee bold to put you in.

My Lord will you haue a sotiare? *Exit Thais. Lent. Abig.*

Rog. Good gentlemen, if I haue any interest in you,

Let me depart vnknowne 'tis a disgrace

Of an eternall memory.

Mend. What the fall my Lord, as common a thing as can bee
the stiffest man in *Italy* may fall betweene a womans legges.

Clar. would I had chang'd places with you my Lord, would it
had beene my hap.

Rog. What Cuckold layd his hornes in my way?
Signior Claridiana you were by the Lady when I fell,
Doe you thinke I hurt her?

Cla. You could not hurt her, my Lord betweene the leggs.

Rog. What was't I fell withall?

Mend. A crosse point my Lord. (vnknowne.

Rog. Crosse point indeed; Well if you loue mee let me hence
The silence yours the disgrace, mine owne.

Exit Car. & Mend.

Enter Isabella with a gilt Goblet and meetes Rogero.

Isa. Sir, if wine were *Nectar* Ile begin a health,
To her that were most gracious in your eye
Yet daigne, as simply 'tis the gift of *Bacchus*,
To giue her pledge that drinkes: this God of wine
Cannot inflame me more to appetite,
Though he bee to supreme with mighty loue,
Then thy faire shape. *Rog.* Zounds she comes to deride me.

Isab. That kisse shall serue
To be a pledge althoug my lips should starme.
No tricke to get that vizor from his face?

Rog. I will steale hence and so conceale disgrace.

Isa. Sir, haue you left nought behinde?

Rog. Yes but the fates will not permit
(As Gems once lost are seldome or neuer found)

I should couuey it with me. Sweete good-night.

She bends to me: thers's my fall againe.

Isa. Hee's gon, that lightning that a while doth strike.

Exit.

Our

The insatiate Countesse.

Our eyes with amaz'd brightnesse, and on a sudden
Leaves vs in prisoned darknesse. Lust thou art high,
My smiles may well come from the Sky.

Anna, Anna,

Enter Anna,

Anna. Madame, did you call?

Isab. Follow yond' stranger, perhee learne his name:

Wee may hereafter thanke him. How I doate? *Exit Anna.*

Is hee not a God

That can command what other men would winne

With the hard'st aduantage? I must haue him,

Or shadow-like follow his fleeting steps.

Were I as *Daphne*, and he followed chase,

Though I reiected young *Apoll'o*, oue,

And like a dreame beguile his wandering steps,

Should he pursue me through the neighbouring groue,

Each Cowslip-stalke should trip a willing fall

Till hee were mine, who till then am his thrall:

Nor will I blush, since worthy is my chance.

'Tis said that *Venus* with a *Satyre* slept,

And how much short came she of my faire aime?

Then *Queene* of Loue a president Ile be,

To teach faire women learne to loue of mee.

Speake Musicke, what's his name.

Enter Anna.

Anna. Madame, It was the worthy Count *Massino*.

Isab. Blest be thy tongue: the worthy Count indeede,

The worthiest of the Worthies. Trusty *Anna*,

Hast thou pack'd vp those Monies, Plate, and Iewels

I gaue direction for?

Anna. Yes, Madame, I haue trust vp them, that many

A proper man has beene trust vp for.

Isab. I thanke thee: take the wings of night,

Beloued secretary, and post with them to *Swenia*,

There furnish vp some stately Palace

Worthy to entertaine the King of Loue:

Prepare it for my comming and my Loues,

Ere *Phaebus* Steedes once more vnharneft be,

Or ere he sport with his beloued *Thetis*,

The

The insatiate Countesse.

The silver-footed Goddess of the sea,
Wee will set forward. Fly like the Northern winde,
Or swifter, *Anna*, fleet like to my minde.

An. I am iust of your minde Madame, I am gone. *Exit An.*

Isab. So to the house of Death the mourner goes,
That is bereft of what his soule desir'd,
As I to bed, I to my nuptiall bed,
The heauen on earth : so to thought-slaughters went
The pale *Andromeda* bedew'd with teares,
When euery minute she expected gripes of a fell monster,
And in vaine bewail'd the act of her creation.
Sullen Night that look'd with funke eyes on my nuptiall bed,
With ne're a Starre that smiles vpon the end,
Mend thy slacke pace, and lend the malecontent,
The hoping louer, and the wishing Bride
Beames that too long thou shaddowest : or if not,
In spite of thy fixt front, when my loath'd Mate
Shall struggle in due pleasure for his right,
Ile think't my loue, and die in that delight. *Exit*

Enter at severall doores Abigail and Thais.

Abig. *Thais*, you're an early riser.

I haue that to shew will make your hayre stand an-end.

Thais. Well Lady, and I haue that to show you will bring your
courage downe. What would you say, & I would name a partie
saw your Husband court, kisse, nay almost goe through for the
hole?

Abig. How? how? what would I say? nay, by this light, what
would I not doe? If euer Amazon fought better, or more at the
face then Ile doe, let me neuer be thought a new-married Wife.
Come, vnmasque her: tis some admirable creature, whose beau-
tie you neede not paint. I warrant you, 'tis done to your hand.

Thais. Would any Woman but I be abused to her face?
Prethee reade the contents: Know'st thou the Character?

Abig. 'tis my Husbands hand, and a Loue-Letter:
But for the contents I finde none in it. Has the lustfull monster
All backe and belly-staru'd me thus? What defect does he see in
mee? Ile be sworne wench, I am of as pliant & yeelding a body

The insatiate Countesse.

to him, e'en which way he will, he may turne me as he list him-selfe. What? and dedicate to thee: I marry, heere's a stile so heigh as a man cannot helpe a dog o're it. He was wont to write to me in the Citie-phrased, my good *Abigall*: heere's Astonishment of nature vnpareld excellency, and most vnequall rarity of creation: three such words will turne any honest woman in the world a whore; for a woman is neuer won till shee know not what to answere; and beshrew me if I understand any of these: you are the party I perceiue and heere's a white sheete that your husband has promist me to doe penance in: you must not thinke to dance the shaking of the sheetes alone though their be not such rare phrases in't, 'tis more to the matter; a legible hand but for the dash or the (hee) and (as:) short bawdy Parenthesis as euer you saw, to the purpose, he has not left out a pricke I warrant you wherein he has promist to doe me any good, but the Law's in mine owne hand.

Thais. I euer thought by his red beard hee would proue a *Indas*, here am I bought and sold; he makes much of me indeed Well wench, wee were best wisely in time seeke for p'cution I should bee loath to take drinke and die on't as I am afraid I shall that he will lye with thee.

Abig. To be short sweete heart Ile be true to thee, though a lyer to my husband: I haue signed your husbands bill like a Wood-cocke as hee is held, perswaded him (since nought but my loue can asswage his violent passions) he should enioy, like a priuate friend the pleasures of my bed: I told him my husband was to goe to *Manrano* to day to renew a farme he has, and in the meane time hee might be tenant at will to vse mine, this false fire has so rooke with him, that hee's strauisht afore hee come I haue had stones one him all red: dost know this?

Thais. I too well it blushes for his master points to the ringe

Abig. Now my husband will be hawkin about thee anon, And thou canst meete him closely.

Thais. By my fayth I would bee loath in the darke, and hee knew me.

Abig. I meane thus: the same occasion will serue him too, they are birds of a feather, and will flye together, I warrant thee

The insatiate Countesse.

thee wench, appoint him to come: say that thy Husband's gone for Mawrano, and tell mee anone if thou mad'st not his heart-bloud spring, for ioy, in his face.

Thais. I conceiue you not all this while,

Abig. Then th'art a barren woman, and no maruaile if thy Husband loue thee not: the houre for both to come is fixe, a dark time fit for purblind louers; and with cleanly conuayance by the niglers our maids, they shall be translated into our Bed-chambers.

Your Husband into mine, and mine into yours.

Thais. But you meane they shal come in at the backe-dores.

Abig. Who, our Husband may and they come out in at the fore-dores, there will be no pleasure in't. But we two will climbe ouer our garden-Pales, and come in that way, (the chafteft that are in Venice will stray for a good time) & thus wittily will wee be bestowed, you into my house to your husband, and I into your house to my husband, and I warrant hee before a month come to mend, they'll cracke louder of this nights lodging, then the Bedsteads.

Thais. All is it our Maids keepe secret.

Abig. Mine is a Ma d Ile be sworne, shee has kept her secrets hitherto.

Thais. Troath, and I neuer had any Sea captaine borded in my house.

Abig. Goe to then: and the better to avoid suspition, Thus wee must insist, they must come vp darkling, recreate themselves with their delight an houre or two, and after a million of kisses, or so.

Thais. But is my husband content to come darkling?

Abig. What not to saue mine honour? hee that will runne through fire, as hee has profest, will by the heate of his loue, grope in the darke, I warrant him he shall saue mine honour.

Thais. I am afraid my voyce will discouer mee.

Abig. Why then, you'ad best say nothing, and take it thus quietly when your husband comes.

Thais. I, but you know a Woman cannot chuse but speake in these cases.

D

Abig.

The insatiate Countesse.

Abig. Bite in your neather-lip, and I Warrant you,
Or make as if you were Whiffing Tobacco;
Or puich like me. Gods. so, I heare thy Husband *Exit.*

Thais. Farewell Wife-woman.

Enter. Mizaldus.

Mizal. Now gins my vengeance mount high in my lust :
'Tis a rare creature, shee'll do't i' faith;
And I am arm'd at all points. A rare whiblin,
To be reueng'd, and yet gaine pleasure in't,
One height aboue reuenge: yet what a slaue am I,
Are there not younger Brothers enough, but we must
Branch one another? oh but mines reuenge,
And who on that does dreame
Must be a tyrant euer in extreame.
O my wife *Thais* get my breakefast ready,
I must into the Country to my Farme I haue
Some two miles off, and as I thinke,
Shall not come home to night. *Iaques, iaques:*
Get my Vessell ready to row me downe the Riuer.
Prethes make hast sweete girle. *Exit Mizal.*

Thais. So, ther's one foole shipt away: are your crosse-points
discovered? Get your Breake-fast ready!
By this light ile tie you to hard fare;
I haue beene to sparing of that you prodigally offer
Voluntary to another: well you shall be a tame foole hereafter.
The finest light is when we first defraud;
Husband to night 'tis I must lye abroad. *Exit.*

Enter Isabella and a Page with a Letter.

Isa. Here, take this Letter, beare it to the Count :
But boy, first tell me; think'st thou I am in loue?

Page. Madam, I cannot tell.

Isa. Canst thou not tell? Dost thou not see my face?
Is not the face the *Index* of the minde?
And canst thou not destinguish Loue by that?

Page. No Madam.

Isa. Then take this Letter and deliuer it
Vnto the worthy Count, No, sic vpon him,

Come

The insatiate Countesse

Come backe againe: tell me, why shouldst thou thinke
That same's a Loue letter?

Page. I doe not thinke so Madam.

I/a. I know thou dost: for thou dost euer vse
To hold the wrong opinion. Tell me true,
Dost thou not thinke that Letter is of Loue?

Page. If you would haue me thinke so Madam, yes.

I/a. What dost thou thinke thy Lady is so fond?

Giue me the Letter, thy selfe shall see it.

Yet I should teare it in the breaking ope,

And make him lay a wrongfull charge on thee;

And say thou brok'it open by the way;

And saw what haynous things I charge him with:

But 'tis all one, the Letter is not of loue

Therefore deliuer it vnto himselfe,

And tell him hee's deceiu'd I doe not loue him.

But if he thinke so bid him come to mee,

And ile confute him straight; ile shew him reasons,

Ile shew him plainly why I cannot loue him.

And if he hap to reade it in thy hearing,

Or chance to tell thee that the words were sweet,

Doe not thou then disclose my lewde intent,

Vnder those Syrene words, and how I meane

To vse him when I haue him at my will:

For then thou wilt destroy the plots that's layd,

And make him feare to yeeld when I doe wish

Onely to haue him yeeld; for when I haue him.

None but my selfe shall know how I will vse him.

Begon, why stayest thou? yet returne againe.

Page. I Madam.

I/a. Why dost thou come againe? I bad thee goe.

If I say goe, neuer returne againe,

Exit Page.

My blood, like to a troubled Ocean,

Cuff'd with the Windes, incertaine where to rest,

Buts at the vtmost share of euery limbe.

My Husband's not the man I would haue had:

O my new thoughts to this braue sprightly Lord,

The insatiate Countesse.

Was fixt to that hid fire Louers feele :
Where was my minde before, that refin'd iudgement.
That represents rare objects to our passions ?
Or did my lust beguile me of my sense ?
Making me fealt vpon such dangerous cates,
For present want, that needes must breed a fast :
How was I shipwrackt ? yet *Isabella* thinke
Thy Husband is a noble Gentleman, young, wise,
And rich : thinke what Fate followes thee,
And nought but lust doth blinde thy worthy loue :
I will desist. O ro, it may not be.
Euen as a head-strong Courser beares way
His Rider, vainely striving him to stay,
Or as a suddaine gale thrusts into Sea
The Hauke touching Barke, now neare the sea :
So wauering *Cupid* brings me backe againe,
And purple Loue resumes his darts againe :
Here of themselves, by shafts come as if shot :
Better then I they quier knowes 'em not

Enter count Arsena, and a Page.

Page. Madam : the Count.

Rog. So fell the Troian wanderer on the Greeke,
'And bore away his rauish prize to Troy :
For such a beautie, brighter then his *Dana*.
Ioue should (me thinkes) now come himselfe againe :
Louely *Isabella*. I confesse me mortall :
Not worthy to serue thee in thought, I swere,
Yet shall not this same ouer-flow of fauour
Diminish my vow'd duty to your beauty.

Isa. Your loue, my Lord I blushing proclaime it,
Hath power to draw mee through a wildernesse,
Wer't arm'd with Furies, as with furious beasts.
Boy, bid our traine be ready, wee'le to horse, *Ex. Page.*
My Lord, I should say something, but I blush,
Courting is not befitting to our sexe.

Rog. Ie teach you how to woo,
Say you haue lou'd mee long,

And

The insatiate Countesse.

And tell me that a womans feeble tongue
Was neuer turned vnto a wooing-string ;
Yet for my sake you will forget your sexe,
And court my Loue with strain'd immodesty,
Then bid me make you happy with a kisse.

I/s. Sir, though women doe not woo, yet for your sake
I am content to leane that ciuill custome,
And pray you kisse me.

Rog. Now vie some vnexpect vmbages,
To draw me further into *Vulcanes* Net.

I/s. You loue not me so well as I loue you.

Rog. Faire Lady, but I doe.

I/s. Then shew your loue.

Rog. why in this kisse I shew't, and in my vowed seruice
This wooing shall suffice 'tis easier farre
To make the current of a siluer-brooke
Conuert his flowing backward to his spring,
Then turne a woman wooer. There's no cause
Can turne the setted course of Natures Lawes.

I/s. My Lord, will you pursue the plot ?

Rog. The Letter giues direction here for Paue.
To horse, to horse, thus once *Fridace*,
With lookes regardiant, did the *Thracian* gaze,
And lost his gift while he desired the sight.

But wiser, I, lead by more powerfull charme;

Ide see the world winne thee from our mine arme. *Exeunt*

Enter at severall doores, Claridiana and Guido.

Gui. Zounds, is the Huritano comming? *Claridiana* what's the

Cla. The Countesse of *Sweuia* has new taken horse. (matter?
Flye Phabus, flye the houre is fixe a clocke.

Guid. Whether is shee gone Signior?

Cla. Euen as *Ioue* went to meete his simile.
To the Duell I thinke.

Guid. You know not wherefore?

Cla. To say sooth I doe not.
So in immortall wise shall I arrine.

Guid. At the Gallowes. What in a passion Signior?

The insatiate Countesse.

Cla. Zounds, doe not hold me fir:
Beautious *Thais*, I am all thine wholly.
The staffe is now aduancing for the Rest,
And when I tilt, *Mizaldus* aware my Crest.

Exit

*Enter Roberto, in his Night-gowne, and cap, with
Seruants, he kneeles downe.*

Guid. What's here? the capring God-head tilting in the ayre?

Rob. The Gods send her no Horse, a poore old age,
Eternall woe, and sicknesse lasting rage.

Guid. My Lord, you may yet o'ertake 'em.

Rob. Furies supply that place, for I will not: no,
She that can forsake me when pleasures in the full.
Fresh and untird, what would she on the least barren coldnesse?
I warrant you she has already got
Her Braues, and her Russians; the meanest whore
Will haue one buckler, but your great ones more.
The shores of Sicily retaine not such a monster,
Though to Galley-slaves they daily prostitute.
To let the Nuptiall Tapers giue light to her new lust,
Who would haue thought it?
She that could no more forsake my company,
Then can the day forsake the glorious presence of the Sunne.
When I was absent, then her galled eyes
Would haue shed Aprill showers, and outwept
The clouds in that same o're-passionate moode:
When they drown'd all the world, yet now forsakes me;
Women your eyes shed glances like the Sunne;
Now shines your brightnesse, now your light is done.
On the sweetest showres you shine, 'tis but by chance,
And on the basest Weede you'l waite a glance.
Your beames once lost can neuer more be found;
Vnlesse we waite vntill your course runne round,
(And take you at fift hand,) Since I cannot
Enioy the noble title of a man,
But after-ages as our veatures are
Buried whilst we are liuing will sound out
My infamy, and her degenerate shame;

Yet

The insatiate Countesse.

Yet in my life ile smother't if I may,
And like a dead man to the world bequeath
These houses of vanity, Mills, and Lands.
Take what you will, I will not keepe among yon Seruants,
And welcome some religious Monastery,
A true sworne Beads-man ile hereafter be,
And wake the morning cocke with holy prayers.

Ser. Good my Lord: noble Master.

Rob. Disswade me not, my will shall be my King;
I thanke thee wife, a faire change thou hast giuen,
I leaue thy lust to woe the Loue of Heauen. *Exit cum seruis.*

Guid. This is conuersion, is't not? as good as might haue bin
He returnes religious vpon his Wiues turning Curtezan.
This is iust like some of our gallant Prodigals,
When they haue consum'd their Patrimonies wrongfully,
They turne Capuchins for deuotion, *Exit.*

Finis Actus secundi.

Actus tertij Scena prima.

Claridiana, and *Rogero* being in a readinesse, are receiued in at
one anothers houses by their Maids.

*Then Enters Mendoza, with a Page to the Lady Lentulus
window.*

Mendoza.

Night like a solemne Mourner frownes on earth,
Enuying that day should force her doffe her roabes,
Or *Phabus* chase away her melancholly.
Heauens eyes looke faintly through her sable masque,
And siluer *Cynthia* hyes her in her Sphere,
Scorning to grace blacke nights solemnity.
Be vnpropitious Night to villaine thoughts,
But let thy Diamonds shine one vertuous loue:
This is the lower house of high-built heauen,

Where

The insatiate Countesse.

Where my chaste *Phabe* sits, inthron'd'mong thoughts
So purely good, brings her to Heauen on earth.
Such power hath soules in contemplation.

Sing boy (thought night yet) like the mornings Larke; *Musicke*
A soule that's cleare is light, thought heauen be darke. *playes.*

The Lady Leontius, at her window.

Lent. Who speaks in Musicke to vs?

Mend. Sweet, tis I. Boy leaue me and to bed. *Exit Page.*

Lent. I thanke you for your Musicke: now good-night.

Mend. Leaue not the World yet, Queene of Chastity,
Keepe promise with thy Loue *Endimion*,
And let me meete thee there on Latmus top.

'Tis I whose vniuous hopes are firme y fixt
On the founon of thy chaste vow'd loue,

Lent. My Lord, your honor made me promise your ascent into
my house, since my vow barr'd my doores,

But for e'wits engine made for theft and lust:

Y'are your r'ector, and my humble fame,

Checke your bound passions, and returne deare Lord:

Suspitions a degg that still e'ch bite,

Without a cause, th'last giues foode to enuy;

Swolne big, it larfts, and poy'ons ou' cleare flames.

Mend. Enuy is stingie, when shee lookes on thee.

Lent. Enuy is blinde, my Lord, and cannot see.

Mend. If you breake promise, faile, you breake my heart.

Lent. Then come. Y'are stay. Ascend. Yet let vs part.

I feare, yet know not what I feare:

Your Loue's precious, yet mine Honour's deare.

Mend. If I doe stain thy honour with foule lust,

May thunder stricke me to shew Ioue is iust.

Lent. Then come my Lord, on earth your vow is giuen.

This aide ile lend you.

He throwes up a ladder of cords

M. Thus I mount my heauen.

which she makes fast to some part

Receiue me sweete.

of the window, he ascends, and at

Lent. O me vnhappy wretch. *top fals.*

How fares your Honour? speake Fate-crosse Lord.

If life retaine his seat within you, speake;

Else

The insatiate Countesse.

Else like that *Sestian* Dame, that saw her Loue,
Cast by the frowning billowes, on the sands,
And leane death swolne big with the *Hellepont*,
In bleake *Leanders* body, like his Loue,
Come I to thee, one graue shall serue vs both.

Mend. Stay miracle of women. yet I breathe,
Though death be enter'd in this Tower of flesh,
Hee is not conquerour, my heart stands out,
And yeelds to thee, scorning his tyranny.

Lent. My doores are vow'd shut, and I cannot helpe you.
Your woundes are mortall, wounded is mine Honour,
If there the Towne-guard finde you. Vnhappy Dame,
Reliefe is periu'd, my vow kept, shame.
What hellish Destinie did twist my fate?

Mend. Rest ceaze thine eye-lids; be not passionate:
Sweet sleepe secure, Ile remoue my selfe.
That Viper Enuy shall not spot thy fame:
Ile take that poyson with me, my soules rest,
For like a Serpent, Ile creepe on my breast

Lent. Thou more then man, loue-wounded, ioy and griefe
fight in my bloud. They woundes and constancie
Are both so strong none can haue victory.

Mend. Darke the world, earths-Queene, get thee to bed;
The earth is light while those two Starres are spread:
Their splendor will betray me to mens eyes.
Vaile thy bright face: for if thou longer stay,
Phœbus will rise to thee, and make night day.

Lent. To part and leaue you hurt my soule doth feare.

Mend. To part from hence I cannot, you being there.

Lent. wee'll moue together, then Fate Loue controules,
And as we part so bodies part from soules.

Mend. Mine is the earth, thine the refined fire:
I am morrall, thou diuine, then soule mount higher.

Lent. Why then take comfort sweet, Ile see, on to morrow *Exit*

Men. My woundes are nothing, thy losse breeds my sorrow.
See now 'tis darke,
Support your Master, legges a little further:

E

Faint

The insatiate Countesse.

Faint not bolde heart with angnish of my wound,
Try further yet, can bloud weigh downe my soule?
Desire is vaine without abilitie.

He staggers on, and

Thus fals a Monarch, if Fate push at him. *then fals downe.*

Enter a Captaine and the Watch.

Capt. Come on my hearts, we are the Cities securitie, Ile giue you your charge, and then like Courtiers euery man spye out: let no man in my company be a fraid to speake to a Cloake lined with Veluet, nor tremble at the sound of a gingling Spurre.

Watch. May I neuer be counted a cock of the game, if I feare Spurres: but be gelded like a Capon for the preseruing of my voyce.

Cap. Ile haue none of my Band refraine to search a veneriall house, though his Wifes sister be a lodger there: nor take two shillings of the Bawd to saue the Gentlemens credits that are aloft: and so like voluntary Pandars leaue them, to the shame of all Halbardiers.

2. Nay the Wenches, wee'll tickle them, that's flat.

Cap. If you meste a *Shenoiliero*, that's in the grosse phrase. a Knight, that swaggers in the streete, & being taken, I as no money in his Purse to pay for his fees; it shall be a part of your duty to entreate me to let him goe.

1. O meruailous! is there such *Shenoilieros*?

2. Some 200. that's the least, that are reueal'd *Mend. grones.*

Cap. What grone is that? bring a light. Wholyes there?

It is the Lord *Mendosa*, kinsman to our Duke.

Speake good my Lord, relate your dire mischance:

Life like a fearefull seruant flies his Master,

Art must attone them, or th' whole man is lost.

Conuay him to a Surgeons, then returne:

No place shall be vnsearch'd vntill we finde

The truth of this mischance. Make haste againe *Exit the Watch.*

Whose house is this stands open'd in, & search. *Manet Captain.*

What guests that house containes, and bring them forth,

This Noble mans misfortune stirs my quiet,

And fills me soule with fearefull fantasies.

But Ile vnwinde this Laborinth of doubt,

Exe

The insatiate Countesse.

Else industry shall loose part of selfes labour.

Who haue we there? Signiors cannot you tell vs

How our Princes kinsman came wounded to the death

Nigh to your houses.

Reg. Hey-day; crosse-ruffe at midnight. Is't Christmas?

You goe a gaming to our neighbours house.

Clar. Dost make a mummer of me Oxe-head?

Cap. Make answere Gentlemen, it doth concerne you.

Reg. Oxe-head will beare an action; ile ha'the Law; ile not be yoakt. Beare witnesse Gentlemen, he cals me Oxe-head.

Cap. Doe you heare sir?

Clar. Very well, very well, take law and hang thy selfe, I care not. Had she no other but that good face to deate vpon? ide rather she had dealt with a dangerous French-man then with such a Pagan.

Cap. Are you mad? answere my demand.

Reg. I am as good a Christian as thy selfe,
Though my wife haue now new christned me.

Cap. Are you deafe, you make no answere?

Clar. Would I had had the circumcising of thee Iew, ide ha'
Cut short your Cuckold-maker, I wou'd i' faith, I would i' faith

Cap. Away with them to prison; they' answere better there.

Reg. Not too fast Gentlemen what's your crime?

Cap. Murder of the Dukes Kinsman, Signior *Mendoza*.

Amb. Nothing else? we did it, we did it, we did it.

Cap. Take heed Gentlemen what you confesse,

Cl. Ile confesse any thinge since I am made a foole by a knaue.
Ile be hang'd like an innocent, that's flat.

Reg. Ile not see my shame. Hempe instead of a Quackfaluer,
you shall put out mine eyes, and my head shall bee bought to
make incke-hornes of.

Cap. You doe confesse the murder?

Clar. Sir, 'tis true,

Done by a faithlesse Christian and a Iew!

Cap. To prison with them, we will heare no further,
The tongue betrayes the heart of guilty murder.

Exeunt Omnes.

E 1

Enter

The insatiate Countesse.

Enter Count Guido, Isabella, Anna, and servants.

Guid. Welcome to Paue sweete, and may this kisse
Chafe Melancholy from thy company;

Sprake my soules ioy, how fare you after trauaile.

Isa. Like one that scapeth danger on the seas,
Yet trembles with cold feares being safe on land,
With bare imagination of what's past.

Guid. Feare keepe with cowards, aire-stars cannot moue,

Isa. Feare in this kinde, my Lord, doth sweeten loue.

Guid. To thinke feare ioy (deare) I cannot coniecture.

Isa. Feare's fire to seruencie,

Which makes loues sweete proue Nectar :

Trembling desire, feare, hope, and doubtfull leasure,

Distill from loue the Quintessence of pleasure.

Guid. Madam, I yeeld to you ; Feare keepes with Loue,
My Oratory is two weake against you :

You haue the ground of knowledge, wise experience,
Which makes your argument inuincible.

Isa. You are Times Scholler, and can flatter weaknesse.

Guid. Custome allowes it, and we plainly see
Princes and women maine raine flattery,

Isa, Anna, goe see my iewels and my trunks
Be aptly placed in their seuerall roomes.

Exit Anna.

Enter Gniaca Count of Gaza, with attendants.

My Lord, know you this Gallant ? 'tis a compleat Gentleman.

Guid. I doe ; 'tis Count *Gniaca*, my endeared friend,

Gniaca, Welcome to Paue, welcome faire Lady :

Your sight deare friend, is lifes restorative ;

This day's the period of long-wish'd content,

More welcome to me then day to the world,

Night to the wearied, or gold to a Mizer ;

Such ioy fees friendship in society,

Isa. A rare shap'd man : compare them both together,

Guid. Our loues are friendly twins, both at a birth,

The ioy you taste, that ioy doe I conceine,

This day's the iubile of my desire.

Isa. He's fairer then he was when first I saw him.

this

The insatiate Countesse.

This little time makes him more excellent.

Gniaca, Relate some newes, Harke you: what Lady's that?
Be open breasted, soe will I to thee. *They whisper.*

Isa. Errour did blinde him that paints loue blinde;
For my Loue plainly iudges difference,
Loue is cleare sighted, and with Eagles eyes,
Vndazeled, looks vpon bright sunne-beam'd beauty:
Nature did rob her selfe, when shee made him,
Blushing to see her worke excell her selfe,
'Tis shape makes mankinde femelacy.

Forgiue me *Rogero*, 'tis my fate
To loue thy friend, and quit thy loue with hate.
I must enioy him, let hope thy passions smother:
faith cannot coole bloud, ile clip him wer't my brother:
Such is the heate of my sincere affection,
Hell nor earth can keepe loue in subiection.

Gnia. I craue your Hours pardon my ignorance
Of what you were, may gaine a curteous pardon.

Isa. There needs no pardon, where there's no offence;
His tongue strikes Musickerauishing my sense:
I must be sodaine, else desire confounds mee,

Guid. What sport affords this Climate for delight?

Gnia. We'le hawke and hunt to day, as for to morrow
Variety shall feed variety.

Isa. Diffimulation womens armour is,
Aide loue beleefe, and female constancy.
Oh I am sicke my Lord, kinde *Rogero* helpe mee.

Guid. Forfend it heauen, Madam sit; how fare you?
My liues best comfort speake, O speake sweet Saint.

Isa. Fetch art to keepe life, runne my Loue I faint:
My vitall breath runnes coldly through my veynes,
I see leane Death with eyes imaginary,
Stand fearefully before me; here my end
A wife vnconstant, yet thy louing friend.

Guid. As swift as thought, file I to wish thee ayde. *Exit.*

Isa. Thus innocence by craft is soone betraid,
My Lord *Gniaca*, 'tis your art must heale me,

The insatiate Countesse.

I am loue-sicke for your loue ; loue, loue, for louing :
I blush for speaking truth ; faire sir beleue me,
Beneath the Moone nought but your frowne can grieue me.

Gnia. Lady, by heauen, me thinkes, this fit is strange.

Isa. Count not my loue light for this sodaine change :
By *Cupids* Bow I sweare, and will avow,
I neuer knew true perfect loue till now.

Gnia. Wrong not your selfe, me, and your dearest friend,
Your loue is violent, and soone will end.

Loue is not Loue vnlesse Loue doth perseuere,
That loue is perfect loue, that Loues for euer.

Isa. Such loue is mine, beleene it well-shap'd youth,
Though women vse to lye, yet I speake truth.
Giue sentence for my life or speedy death :
Can you affect me ?

Gnia. I should belye my thoughts to giue denyall,
But then to friendship I must turne disloyall :
I will not wrong my friend, let that suffice.

Isa. Ile be a miracle, for loue a woman dyes,

*Offers to stab
her selfe.*

Gn. Hold Madam, these are soule killing passions.
Ide rather wrong my friend then you your selfe.

Isa. Loue me, or else by *loue* death's but delayd :
My vow is fixt in heauen, feare shall not moue me,
My life is death with tortures 'lesse you loue me.

Gnia. Giue me some respite, and I will resolue you.

Isa. My heart denies it.

My blood is violent, now or else neuer,
Loue me, and like loues *Queene* ile fall before thee,
Inticing daliance from thee with my smiles,
And steale thy heart with my delicious kisses.
Ile study Art in loue, that in a rupture
Thy soule shall taste pleasures excellling nature.
Loue me, both art and nature in large recompence,
Shall be profuse in rauishing thy sense.

Gnia. You haue preuail'd I am yours from all the world,
Thy wit and beauty haue entranc'd my soule :
I long for daliance, my blond burnes like fire,

Hela

The insatiate Countesse.

Hels paine on earth is to delay desire.

Isa. I kisse thee for that breath, this day you hunt,
In midst of all your sports leaue you *Rogero*,
Returne to me whose life rests in thy sight,
Where pleasure shall make Nectar our delight,

Gnia. I condescend to what thy will implores mee;
He that but now neglected thee, adores thee: *Enter*
But see here comes my friend, feare makes him tremble. *Rogero*

Isa. Women are witlesse that cannot dissemble. *Anna,*
Now I am sicke againe: where's my Lord *Rogero?* *Doctor.*
His loue and my health's vanish'd both together.

Gnid. Wrong not thy friend, deare friend, in thy extreames;
Here's a profound *Hypocrates*, my deare
To minister to thee the spirit of health.

Isa. Your sight to me my Lord, excels all Physicke;
I am better farre (my Loue) then when you left mee:
Your friend was comfortable to me at the last.
'Twas but a fit, my lord, and now 'tis past.
Are all things ready sir?

Anna. Yes Madame, the house is fit.

Gni. Desire in women is the life of wit *Exeunt Omnes.*

Enter Abigail and Thais, at severall doores.

Abi. O partner, I am with child of laughter, and none but you
can be my Mid-wife: was there euer such a game at noddy?

Thais. Our Husbands thinke they are fore-men of the Jury,
they hold the Hereticke point of Predestination, and sure they
are borne to be hanged;

Abi. They are like to proud men of iudgement, but not for
killing of him that's yet aliue, and well recovered.

Thais. As soone as my man saw the Watch come vp,
All his spirit was downe,

Abi. But though they haue made vs good sport in speech,
They did hinder vs of good sport in action.
O wench, imagination is strong in pleasure.

Thais. That's true: for the opinion my good-man had of en-
ioying you, made him doe wonders.

A. Why should a weake man, that is so soone satisfied desire
variety? *Thais*

The insatiate Countesse.

Thais. Their answer is, to feede an Pheasants continually would breede a loathing.

Abigall. Then if We seeke for strange flesh that haue stomackes at will, 'tis pardonable.

Thais. I, if men had any feeling of it, but they iudge vs by themselves.

Abig. Well, we Will bring them to the Gallows, and then, like kinde virgins begge their liues, and after liue at our pleasures, and this bridle shall still reyne them.

Thais. Faith, if We were disposed, we might seeme as safe, As if we had the broad seale to warrant it :

But that nights worke Will sticke by me this forty weekes. Come, shall we goe visit the discontented Lady *Lentulus*? Whom the Lord *Mendosa* has confest to his Chirurgion, He Would haue rob'd? I thought great men would but Haue rob'd the poore, yet he the rich,

Abig. He thought that the richer purchase, though With the worse conscience: but Wee'll to comfort her, & then goe heare our Husbands lamentations. They say mine has compiled an vngodly volume of Satyres against women, and cal's his booke *The Snarle*.

Thais. But he's in hope his booke will saue him.

Ab. God defend that it should, or any that snarle in that fashion
Tha. Well wench, if I could be metamorphosed into thy shape, I should haue my husband pliant to me in his life, And soone rid of him: for being weary With his continuall motion, He'de dye of a consumption. (tion;

Abig. Make much of him, for all our wanton prize,
Follow the Prouerbe, *Merry be and wise.* *Exeunt.*

Enter. *Isabella.* Anna, and *Servants.*

Isab. Time that deuour't all mortalitie,
Runne swiftly these few houres,
And bring *Gnaca* on thy aged sholders,
That I may clip the rarest modell of creation.
Doe this gentle Time.
And I Will curle thine aged silver locke,
And dally With thee in delicious pleasure.

Medea

The insatiate Countesse.

Medea-like I will renew thy youth;
But if thy frozen steps delay my loue,
Ile poyson thee with murder curse thy pathes,
And make thee know a time of infamy.

Anna, giue watch, and bring mee certaine notice
When Count *Gniaca* doth approach my house.

An. Madam I goe.
I am kept for pleasure, though I neuer taste it.
For 'tis the vsuers office still to couer
His Ladyes priuate meetings with her Louers. *Exit*

Isa. Desire, thou quenchlesse flame that burnst our soules,
Cease to torment mee;
The dew of pleasure, shall put out thy fire,
And quite consume thee with satiety.
Lust shall be cool'd with lust, wherein ile proue,
The life of loue is onely sau'd by loue. *Enter Anna.*

An. Madam hee's comming.

Isa. Thou blessed *Mercury*,
Prepare a banquet fit to please the Gods;
Let *Speare*-like Musicke breathe delicious tones
Into our mortall eares; perfume the house
With odoriferous sentes sweeter then Myrrhe,
Or all the spices in *Panchaia*:
His sight and touching we will recreate,
That his fine senses shall bee fine-fold happy.
His breath like *Roses* casts out sweete perfume;
Time now with pleasure shall it selfe consume. *Enter Gniaca*
How like *Adonis* in his hunting weedes, *in his hunting*
Lookes this same Goddesse tempter? *weedes.*
And art thou come? this kisse enters into thy soule.
Gods I doe not enuy you for know this
Way's here on earth compleat, excels your blisse:
Ile not change this nights pleasure with you all.

Gnia. Thou creature made by Loue, compos'd of pleasure,
That mak'st true vse of thy creation,
In thee both wit and beauty's resident;
Delightfull pleasure vnpeer'd excellence.

F

This

The insatiate Countesse.

This is the fate fixt fast vnto thy birth,
That thou alone shoudst be mans heauen one earth:
If I alone may but enioy thy loue,
Ile not charge earthly ioy to be heauens loue:
For though that women haters now are common,
They all shall know earths ioy consists in woman.

Isa. My loue was do: cage till I loued thee,
For thy soule truely tastes our petulance,
Conditions Louer, *Cupids* Intelligencer,
That makes men vnderstand what pleasure is:
These are fit tributes vnto thy knowledge;
For womens beauty o're men beare that rule.
Our power commands the rich, the wise the foole.
Though scorn growes big in man in growth & stature
Yet women are the rarest workes of nature.

Gnia. I doe confesse the truth, and must admire
That women can command rare mans desire,

Isa. Cease admiration, sit to *Cupids* feast,
The preparation to *Paphoon* dalliance,
Hermonious Musicke breath thy silver ayres,
To stirre vp appetite to *Venus* banquet,
That breath of pleasure that entrances soules,
Making that instant happinesse a heauen;
In the true tast of louses deliciousnesse.

Gnia. Thy words are able to stirre cold desire,
Into his flesh that lyes in tomb'd in Ice,
Hauing lost the feeling warmth in blood,
Then how much more in me, whose youthfull veines;
Like a proud Riuer, ouer-flow their bounds?
Pleasures *Ambrosia*, or louses nourisher,
I long for priuacy; come, let vs in,
'Tis custome, and not reason makes loue sinne.

Isa. Ile lead the way to *Venus* Paradise,
Where thou shalt taste that fruit that made man wise. *Exit.*

Gnia. Sing notes of pleasures to elate our blood: *Isa.*
Why should heauen frowne on ioyes that doe vs good?
I come *Isabella* keeper of louses treasure,
To force thy blood to lust, and rauish pleasure. *Exit.*

After.

The insatiate Countesse.

*After some short song enter Isabella and Gniaca againe,
she hanging about his necke laciniously.*

Gnia. Still I am thy captiue, yet thy thoughts are free:
To he Loues bond-man is true liberty.

I haue swomme in seas of pleasure without ground,
Vntous desire past depth it selfe hath drown'd.

Such skill has beauties art in a true louer,
That dead desire to life it can recouer.

Thus beauty our desire can tooore aduance,
Then straight againe kill it with daliance.

Diuine women, your enchanting breaths
Giue louers many lifes and many deaths.

Isa. May thy desire to me for euer last,
Not dye by surfet on my delicacies:

And as I tie this Iewell about thy necke,
So may I tie thy constant loue to mine,

Neuer to seeke weaking variety

That greedy curse of man and womans hell,
Where nought but shame and loath'd diseases dwell.

Gnia. You counsell well, deare, learne it then;
For change is giuen more to you then men.

Isa. My faith to thee, like rockes, shall neuer moue,
The Sunne shall change his course ere I my loue. *Enter Anna.*

Anna. Madam the Count Rogero knockes.

Isa. Deare Loue into my chamber, till I send
My hate from sight.

Gnia. Lust makes me wrong my friend. *Exit Gniaca.*

Isa. *Anna,* stand here and entertaine Lord Rogero.
I from my window straight will giue him answer,

The serpents wit to woman rest in me,

By that man fell, then why not he by me?

Fain'd sighes and teares drop from a womans eye,

Blindes man of reason, strikes his knowledge dumbe:

Wit armes a woman, Count Rogero come. *Exit Isabella.*

Anna. My office still is vnder: yet in time
Vshers proue Masters, degrees makes vs climbe. *Guido knockes,*
Who knockes? is't you my noble Lord?

The insatiate Countesse.

Enter Guido in his hunting weeds.

Guid. Came my friend hither, Count *Guido*?

An. No, my good Lord.

Guid. Where's my *Isabella*?

An. In her Chamber.

Guid. Good: I'll visit her.

An. The chamber's lockt my Lord: shee will be priuate.

Guid. Lockt against me, my lawcy malapert?

An. Be patient good my Lord: shee'll giue you answere.

Guid. *Isabella* life of loue, speake, 'tis I that calls. *Isab.* at her

Isab. I must desire your Lordship pardon me. window.

Guid. Lordship? what's this? *Isabella*, are thou blinde?

Isab. My Lord, my lust was blinde, but now my soule's cleare
And sees the spots that did corrupt my flesh: (fighred,

Those tokens sent from hell, brought by desire,

The messenger of euerlasting death:

Ann. My Lady's in her Pulpit, now shee'll preach.

Guid. Is not thy Lady mad? in veritie I alwayes
Tooke her for a Puritane and now shee shewes it.

Isab. Mocke not Repentance. Prophanation
Brings mortals laughing to damnation.

Beleeue it Lord, *Isabella's* ill past life,

Like gold refin'd, shall make a perfect Wife.

I stand on firme ground now, before on Ice;

We know not vertue till wee taste of vice.

Guid. Doe you heare dissimulation, woman sinner?

Isab. Leaue my house good my Lord, and for my part;
I looke for a most wisht reconciliation

Betwixt my selfe and my most wronged Husband.

Tempt not contrition then religious Lord.

Guid. Indeepe I was one of your familie once:

But doe not I know these are but braine-trickes:

And where the Diuell has the Fee-simple, he will keep possession

And will you halt before me that your selfe has made a criples?

Isab. Nay; then you wrong me: and disdained Lord,
I paid thee for thy pleasures vendible.

Whose morcenary flesh I bought with coyne,

I will

The insatiate Countesse.

I will divulge thy basenesse, 'lesse with speede
Thou leaue my house and my society.

Guid. Aleady turn'd apostate, but now all pure,
Now dam I'd your faith is, and loues endure
Like dew vpon the grasse, when pleasure Sunne
Shines on your vertues, all your vertue's done.
Ile leaue thy house and thee, goe get thee in,
Thou gaudy child of pride, and nurse of sinne.

Isa. Raile not on me my Lord; for if you doe,
My hot desire of vengeance shall strike wonder;
Reuenge in women fals like dreadfull thunder. *Exit.*

Anna. Your Lordship will command me no further seruice?

Guid. I thanke thee for thy watchfull seruice past;
Thy vsheer-like attendance on the staires,
Being true signes of thy humility.

Anna. I hope I did discharge my place with care.

Guid. Vsheers should haue much wit, but little haire;
Thou hast of both sufficient: prethee leaue me,
If thou hast an honest Lady, commend me to her,
But she is none. *Exit Anna, manet Guido.*
Farewell thou priuate strumpet worse then common.

Man were on earth an Angell but for woman.
That seauen-fould branch of hell from them doth grow,
Pride, Lust, and Murder, they raise from below,
With all their fellow finnes. Women are made
Of blood, without soules, when their beauties fade,
And their lust's past, avarice or bawdry
Makes them still lou'd: then they buy venere,
Bribing damnation: and hire brothell slaues.
Shame's their executors, infamy their graues.
Your painting will wipe off, which art did hide,
And shew your vgly shape in spite of pride.
Farewell *Isabella* poore in soule and fame,
I leaue thee rich in nothing but in shame.
Then soulelesse women know, whose faiths are hollow,
Your lust being quench'd, a blouy act must follow. *Exit.*

Finis Actus tertij.

The insatiate Countesse.

Actus quarti Scena prima.

*Enter the Duke of Amago, the Captaine, and the rest of the
Watch, with the Senators.*

Duke.

Iustice that makes Princes like the Gods, drawes vs vnto the
That with vnpartiall ballance we may Poyse (Senate,
The crimes and innocence of all offenders,
Our presence can chase bribery from Lawes,
He best can iudge, that heares himselfe the cause.

1 Senat. True mighty Duke, it best becomes our places,
To haue our light from you the Sonne of vertue,
Subiect Authority, for game, loue or feare
Oit quits the guilty, and condemnes the cleare.

Duke. The Land and people's mine, the crime being knowne,
I must redresse my subiects wrong's mine owne.
Call for the two suspected for the murder
Of *Mendosa*, our ended kinsman. These voluntary murderers
That confesse the murder of him that is yet aliue,
Wee'le sporte with serious Iustice for a while,
In shew wee'le frowne one them that make vs smile,

2 Sen. Bring forth the Prisoners we may heare their answers

*Enter (brought in with Officers) Claridiana,
and Mizaldus.*

Duke. Stand forth you vipers, that haue suck'd blood,
And lopt a branch sprung from a royall tree:
What can you answer to escape tortures?

Rog. We haue confest the act my Lord, to God and man,
Our ghostly father, and that worthy Captaine:
We beg not life but fauourable death.

Duke. On what ground sprung your hate to him we lou'd?

Cl. Vpon that curse layd on Venecian ielousie.
We thought he being a Courtier, would haue made vs Magni-
ficoes of the right stampe, and haue plaid at Primero in the
presence, with gold of the City brought from Indies.

Rog.

The insatiate Countesse.

Rog. Nay more, my Lord, we feared that your kinsman for a melle of Sonnets, would haue giuen the plot of vs and our wiues, to some needy Poet, and for sport and profit brought vs in some Venecian Comedy vpon the Satge.

Duke. Our Iustice dwels with mercy; be not desperate.

1 Sen. His Highnesse faine would saue your liues if you would see it.

Rog. All the Law in Venice shall not saue mee, I will not be saued.

Clar. Feare not, I haue a tricke to bring vs to hanging in spite of the Law.

Rog. Why now I see thou louest me; thou hast confirm'd Thy frindship for euer to me by these wordes.

Why, I should neuer heare Lanthorne and candle call'd for.

But I should thinke it was for me and my Wife.

Ile hang for that, forget not thy tricke.

Vpon'em with thy tricke, I long for sentence.

2. Son. Will you appeale for mercy to the Duke?

Calr. Kill not thy Iustice Duke, to saue our liues;
We haue deseru'd death.

Rog. Make not vs presidents for after wrongs,
I will receiue punishment for my sinnes.

It shall be a meanes to lift me towards heauen.

Clar. Let's haue our desert; we craue no fauour.

Duke. Take them asunder, graue Iustice makes vs mirth,
That man is soulelesse that ne'er sinnes on earth.

Signior *Mizaldus*, relate the weapon you kill'd him with, and the manner.

Rog. My Lord, your lustfull kinsman, I can title him no better, came sneaking to my house like a Promoter to spye flesh in the Lent: now I hauing a Venecian spirit, watcht my time, and with my Rapier runne him through, knowing all paines are but trifles to the horne of a Citizen.

Duke. Take him a side. Signior *Claridiana*, what weapon had you for this bloody act? what dart vs'd Death?

Clar. My Lord, I brain'd him with a leauer my neighbour lent me, and he stood by and cryed strike home olde Loy.

Duke. With seuerall Instruments. Bring them face to face.

With

The insatiate Countesse.

With what kill'd you our Nephew?

Rog. With a Rapier Leige. *Clar.* Tis a lye,
I kill'd him with a leauer, and thou stood'st by.

Rog. Dost think to save me & hang thy selfe? no I scorne it; is
this the trick thou said'st thou had'st: I kill'd him Duke.
Hee onely gaue consent: 'twas I that did it.

Clar. Thou hast alwayes beene crosse to me & wilt be to my
death. Haue I taken all this paines to bring thee to hanging, and
dost thou slip now?

Rog. we shall neuer agree in a tale till we come to the gallowes,
then we shall iumpe.

Clar. Ile shew you a crosse-point, if you crosse me thus,
When thou shalt not see it.

Rog. Ile make a wry mouth at that, or it shall cost me a fall:
'Tis thy pride to be hang'd alone, because thou scorn'st my com-
pany. but it shall be knowne I am as good a man as thy selfe, and
in these actions will keepe company with thy betters I ew.

Clar. Monster. *Rog.* Dogg-killer *Clar.* Fencer. *They Bustle.*

Duke. Part them, part 'em

Rog. Hang vs, & quarter vs, we shall ne'er be parted til then,

Duke. You doe confesse the murther done by both.

Clar. But that I would not haue the slaue laugh at mee.
And count me a coward, I haue a very good mind to liue, *Aside*
But I am resolute: 'tis but a turne. I doe confesse.

Rog. So doe I,

Pronounce our doome, wee are prepar'd to dye.

1. Sen. We sentence you to hang till you be dead:

Since you were men eminent in Place and worth,

We giue a Christian buriall to you both,

(agree.

Clar. Not in one graue together we beseech you, we shall ne'er

Rog. He scornes my company, till the day of Iudgement,
Ile not hang with him.

Duke. You hang together, that shall make you friends,

An euerlasting hatred death soone ends,

To prison with them till the day of death;

Kings words like Fate, must neuer change their breath.

Rog. You milce-monger, Ile be hang'd afore thee.

And t be but to vex thee.

Clar

The insatiate Countesse.

Cl. Ile doe you as good a turne or the hangman, & shall fall out.

Exeunt. amb. guarded.

*Enter Mendoza in his night gowne and cap guarded
with the Captaine.*

Duke. Now to our kinsman, shame to royall blood,
Bring him before vs.

Theft in a Prince is sacrilege to honour

'Tis vertues scandall, death of Royalty,

I blush to see my shame ; Nephew sit downe

Iustice that smiles on those, on him must frowne,

Speake freely Captaine, where found you him wounded?

Capt. Betweene the widowes house & these crosse neighbours,

Besides an Artificiall ladder made of ropes

Was fastned to her window which he confest

He brought to rob her of Iewels and coine.

My knowledge yeelds no further circumstance.

Duke. Thou know'st too much, would I were past all know-
ledge.

I might forget my griefe springs from my shame,

Thou monster of my blood, answer in breife

To these Assertions made against thy life.

Is thy soule guilty of so base a fact?

Mend. I doe confesse I did intend to rob her.

In the attempt I fell and hurt my selfe

Lawes thunder is but death, I dread it not,

So my *Lentulus* honor be preserv'd

From black suspition of a lustfull night.

Duke. Thy head's thy forfeit for thy harts offence,

Thy bloods prerogative may claime that favour,

Thy person then to death doomb'd by iust lawes.

Thy death is infamous, but worse the cause.

Enter. Isabella alone Gniaca following her.

Isabella. O heau'ns that I was borne to be hates slave,

The foode of Rumor, that deuour's my fame;

I am call'd Insatiate Countesse lusts paramowre

A glorious Diuell, and the noble whore,

The insatiate Countesse.

I am sick, vext, and tormented, O reuenge.

Gniaca On whom would my *Isabella* be reueng'd?

Isab. Vpon a Viper, that does get mine honour,

I will not name him till I be reueng'd,

See, her's the Libels are diuulg'd against me,

An euerlasting scandall to my name.

And thus the villen writes in my disgrace.

She reads. Who loues *Isabella* the insatiate,

Needs *Atlas* back for to content her lust,

That wandring Strumpet, and chaste wedlockes hate,

That renders truth : deceipt, for loyall trust,

That sacrilegious thiefe to *Himens* rights,

Making her lust her God, heau'n her delights.

Swell not proud heart, Ile quench thy grieve in blood,

Desire in woman cannot be withstood,

Gniaca. Ile be thy champion sweet gainst all the world,

Name but the villaine that defames thee thus.

Isab. Dare thy hand execute, whom my tongue condemnes.

Then art thou truly valiant, mine for euer,

But if thou fain'st, hate must our true loue seuer.

Gniaca. By my dead fathers soule, my mothers vertues,

And by my knight hood and gentilitie; Ile be reueng'd

On all the Authors of your Obloquie : Name him.

Isab. Rogero,

Gniaca. Ha.

Isab. What does his name affright thee coward Lord?

Be mad *Isabella*, curse on thy reuenge,

This Lord was kinghted for his fathers worth,

Not for his owne.

Fare well thou perjur'd man, Ile leaue you all,

You all conspire to worke mine honors fall.

Gnia. Stay my *Isabella*, were he my fathers sonne,

Composed of me, he dies,

Delight still keepe with thee : goe in.

Isabella. Thou art iust :

Reuenge to me is sweeter now then lust.

Enter.

The insatiate Countesse.

*Enter Guido they see one another and draw and make
a passe, then enter Anna.*

Anna. What meane you Nobles, will you kill each other?

Ambo. Hold.

Guido. Thou shame to friendship, what intends thy hate?

Gniaca. Loue Armes my hand, makes my soule valiant,

Isabellas. wrongs now sits vpon my sword,

To fall more heauie to thy cowards head,

Then thunderbolts vpon Iones rifted Oakes :

Deny thy scandall, or defend thy life.

Guido. What? hath thy faith and reason left thee both?

That thou art onely flesh without a soule :

Hast thou no feeling of thy selfe and me?

Blind rage that will not let thee see thy selfe.

Gniaca. I come not to dispute but execute:

And thus comes death.

Another passe.

Guido. And thus I breake thy dart, her's at thy whores face,

Gniaca. 'Tis mist : here's at thy heart, stay, let vs breath.

Guido. Let reason gouerne rage, yet let vs leane,

Although most wrong be mine, I can forgine :

In this attempt thy shame will euer liue.

Gniaca. Thou hast wrong'd the Phenix of all women rarest,
She that's most wise, most louing, chaste and fairest.

Guid. Thou dotest vpon a diuell, not a woman,

That ha's bewitcht thee with her Sorcerie,

And drown'd thy soule in leathy faculties,

Her vselesse lust has benumb'd thy knowledge,

Thy intellectuall powers, obliuion smotheres,

That thou art nothing but forgetfulnesse.

Gniaca. What's this to my *Isabella*, my sinnes mine owne,
Her faults were none, vntill thou madest 'em knowne.

Guido. Leane her, and leane thy shame where first thou
found'st it;

Else liue a bond slaue to diseased lust,

Deuour'd in her gulfe-like appetite

And infamy shall writ the Epitaph,

The insatiate Countesse.

Thy memory leanes nothing but thy crimes,
A scandall to thy name in future times.

Guid. Put vp your weapon, I dare heare you further,
Insatiate lust is Sire still to murder.

Guid. Beleue it friend, if her heart bloud were vexs,
Though you kill me, new pleasure makes you next:
Shee lou'd me deerer, then she lones you now,
Shee'll nere be faithfull, has twice broke her vow.
This curse pursues female adultery,
They'l swimme through blood for finnes variety:
Their pleasure like a sea groundlesse and wide,
A womans lust was neuer satisfied.

Gnia. Feare whispers in my brest, I haue a soule
That blushes red, for tending bloody facts,
Forgiue me friend, if I can be forgiuen,
Thy counsell is the path leades mee to heauen.

Guid. I doe embrace thy reconciled loue.

Gnia. That death or danger, now shall ne're remoue:
Goe tell thy Insatiate Countesse *Anna*,
We haue escap't the snares of her false Loue,
Vowing for euer to abandon her.

Guid. You haue heard our resolution, pray bee gone.

Anna. My office euer rested at your pleasure,
I was the *Indian*, yet you had the treasure,
My faction often sweates, and oft takes cold,
Then guild true diligence o'er with gold.

Guid. Thy speech deseru's it there's gold, *giues her gold.*
Be honest now, and not loues No dy,
Turn'd vp and plaid on whilst thou keepe'st the stocke,
Prethe formally let's ha thy absence.

Anna. Lords farewell. *Exit Anna.*

Guid. Tis Whores and Panders, that makes earth like hell,

Gnia. Now I am got out of lusts laborinth,
I will to Venice for a certaine time,
To recreate my much abused spirits,
And then reuisit *Pani* and my friend,

Guido.

The insatiate Countesse.

Guid. Ile bring you on your way but must returne,
Loue is *Aetna*, and will ever burne.
Yet now desire is quench't flames once in height :
Till man knowes hell he neuer has firme faith.

Exeunt Amb.

Enter Isabella running, and Anna.

Isa. Out scrich-Owle messenger of my reuenges death
Thou do'st belye *Gniaca*'tis not so.

Anna. Vpon mine honesty they are vnited.

Isa. Thy honesty? thou vassaile to my pleasure take
that, *Strikes her,*

Dar'st thou controule me, when I say no?
Art not my foote stoole, did not I create thee?
And made the gentle, being borne a begger :
Thou hast beene my womans Pander for a crowne,
And dost thou stand vpon thy honesty?

Anna. I am, what you please Madam. Yet 'tis so.

Isa. Slaue, I will slit thy tongue, lesse thou say noe

Anna. No, no, no Madam.

Isa. I haue my humour, though they now be false,
Faint-hearted coward get thee from my sight,
When villaine? hast, and come not nere me.

Anna. Maddam: I run, her sight like death doth feare me. *Ex.*

Isa. Perfidious coward staine of Nobility,
Venecians, and be reconcil'd with words:

O that I had *Gniaca* once more here,

Within this prison, made of flesh and bone,

I'de not trust thunder with my selfe reuenge,

But mine owne hands, should doe the dire exploit,

And fame should Chronicle a womans acts:

My rage respects the persons not the facts.

Their place and worths hath power to defame me,

Meane hate is singlefle, and does onely name mee:

I not regard it, 'tis high bloud that swels

Giue me reuenge, and damne me into hels,

The insatiate Countesse.

*Enter Don Sago a Coronell, with a band of Souldiers
and a Lieutenant.*

A gallant Spaniard, I will heare him speake,
Griefe must be speechlesse, ere the heart can breake.

Sago. Lieutenant let good Discipline he vs'd
In quartring of our Troops within the Citie,
Not seperated into many streetes.

That shewes weake loue, but not sound policie
Diuision in small numbers makes all weake,
Forces vnited are the nerues of warre,
Mother and nurse of obseruation.

Whose rare ingenious sight, fills all the world
By looking on it selfe with piercing eyes,
Will look through Strangers imbecilities:
Therefore be carefull.

Lieft. All shall be ordred fitting your command,
For these three gifts which makes a Souldiour rare,
Is loue and durie with a vallant care *Exeunt. Lieft. & Souldiers.*

Sago. What rarietie of women feeds my sight,
And leades my senses in a maze of wonder? *Sees her.*
Bellona, thou wert my mistress till I saw that shape
But now my sword, Ile consecrate to her,
Leaue *Mars* and be come *Cupids* Martialisst,
Beauty can turne the rugged face of warre,
And make him smile vpon delightfull peace,
Courtting her smoothly like a femallist,
I grow a slaue vnto my potent loue,
Whose power change hearts, make our fates remoue.

Isabella. Reuenge nor, Pleasure now ore-rules my blood,
Rage shall drown faint loue in a crimson flood,
And were he caught, I'de make him murders hand.

Sago. Me thinkes 'twere joy to die at her command,
Ile speake to heare her speech, whose powerfull breath,
Is able to infuse life into death.

Isabella. He comes to speake: hee's mine, by loue he is mine.

Sago. Lady thinke bold intrusion curtesie

'Tis

The insatiate Countesse.

'Tis but imagination alters them,
Then 'tis your thoughts, not I that doe offend.

Isa. Sir, your intrusion yet's but curtesie,
Vnlesse your future humor alter it.

Sago. Why then Diuineſt woman, know thy ſoule
Is dedicated to thy ſhrine of beauty,
To pray for mercy, and repent the wrongs
Done againſt loue, and ſemall purity,
Thou abstract drawne from natures empty ſtorehouſe
I am thy ſlaue, command my ſword, my heart
The ſoule is tri'd beſt by the bodies ſmart.

Isa. You are a ſtranger to this land and me,
What madneſſe iſt for me to truſt you then?
To coſen women is a trade 'mongſt men,
Smooth promiſe, faint paſſion with a lye,
Deceiues our ſect of fame and chaſtity:
What danger durſt you hazard for my loue?

Sago. Perils that euer mortall durſt approue.
Ile double all the workes of *Hercules*,
Expoſe my ſelfe in combat 'gainſt an Hoſte,
Meete danger in a place of certaine death.
Yet neuer ſhrinke, or giue way to my fate;
Bare-breſted meete the murderous Tartars dart,
Or any fatall Egin. made for death:
Such power has loue and beauty from your eyes,
He that dyes reſolute, does neuer die:
'Tis feare giues death his ſtrength, which I reſiſted.
Death is but empty Aire, the Fates haue twiſted.

Isa. Dare you reuenge my quarrell, 'gainſt a foe?

Sago. Then aſke me if I dare embrace you thus,
Or kiſſe your hand, or gaze on your bright eye,
Where *Cupid* dances, on thoſe globes of loue,
Feare is my vaſſall, when I frowne he flies,
A hundred times in life, a coward dyes.

Isa. I not ſuſpect your valour, but your will.

Sago. To gaine your loue, my fathers blood ile ſpill.

Isa.

The insatiate Countesse.

Isa. Many haue sworne the like, yet broke their vow.

Sago. My whole endouour to your wish shall bow.

I am your plague to scourge your enemyes.

Isa. Performe your promise and enioy your pleasure,
Spend my loues Dextery, that is womens treasure:

But if thy resolution dread the tryall,

He tell the world, a Spaniard was disloyall.

Sago. Relate your griefe, I long to heare their names,
Whose bastard spirits, thy true worth defames:

He wash thy scandal off when their hearts bleeds,

Valour makes difference betwixt words and deedes.

Tell thy fames poyson, blood shall wash thee white,

Isa. My spotlesse honour is a flauie to spite:

These are the monsters Venice doth bring forth,

Whose empty soules are bankrupt of true worth.

Falſe Count *Guido*, treacherous *Gniaca*,

Countesse of *Gazia*, and of rich *Massino*.

Then if thou beest a Knight, helpe the opprest,

Through danger safety comes, through trouble rest.

And so my loue.

Sago. Ignoble villaines their best blood shall prone,
Reuenge fals heauy that is rais'd by loue.

Isa. Thinke what reproach is to a womans name,
Honor'd by birth, by marriage, and by beauty:

Be God one earth, and reuenge innocence,

O worthy Spaniard, one my knees I begge,

Forget the persons. thinke on their offence.

Sago. By the whitesoule of honour, by heau'ns loue:

They die if their death can attaine your loue.

Isa. Thus will I clip thy waste, embrace thee thus:

Thus dally with thy haire, and kisse thee thus:

Our pleasures Prothean-like in sundry shapes,

Shall with variety stirre dalliance.

Sago. I am immortal, O deumest creature:

Thou do'st excell the Gods, in wit and feature.

False Counts you die, reuenge now shakes his rods:

Beauty

The insatiate Countesse.

Beautie condemnes you, stronger then the Gods,

Isab. Come Mars of flowers, Vulcan is not here,
Make vengeance like my bed, quit a voide of feare.

Sago. My senses are intransit, and in this slumber,
I taste heau'ns ioyes, but cannot count the number. *Ex. Ambo,*

Enter Lady Lentulus, Abigall and Thais.

Abigal. Well Madam: you see the destinie that followes
marriage,

Our husbands are quiet now, and must suffer the law.

Thais. If my husband had beene worth the begging some
Courtier would haue had him: he might be beg'd well inough,
for he knowes not his owne wife from another.

Lady Lent. O you'r a couple of trusty wenches, to deceiue
your husbands thus.

Abig. If we had not deceiu'd them thus, we had been Trusty
wenches.

Thais. Our husbands will be hang'd, because they thinke
themselu's Cuckolds.

Abig. If all true Cuckolds were of that minde, the hangman
would be the richest occupation, and more wealthie widdowes
then there be yonger brothers to marry them.

Thais. The Marchant venturers would be a very small com-
panie.

Abig. 'Tis twelue to one of that, how euer the rest scape,
I shall feare a massacre.

Thais. If my husband hereafter for his wealth chance to
be dub'd:

I'le haue him cal'd the Knight of the supposed horne.

Abag. Faith, and it sounds well.

Lady. Come madcaps leane iesting, and let's deliuer them
out of their earthly purgation; you are the spirits that torment
them: but my loue and Lord, kinde *Mendosa*, will loose his
life, to preserue mine honour, not for hate to others.

Abig. By my troth, if I had beene his iudge, I should haue
hang'd him for hauing no more wit, I speake as I thinke, for I
would not be hang'd for ne'er a man vnder the heau'ns.

H

Thais

The insatiate Countesse.

Tha. Faith, I thinke I should for my Husband. I doe not hold the opinion of the *Philosopher*, that writes we loue them best, that we inioy first: for I protest I loue my husband better then any that did know me before.

Abig. So doe I, yet life and pleasure are two sweet things to a woman.

Lady. He that's willing to die to saue mine honor, I'll die to saue his.

Abig. But beleue it who that list, wee loue a liuely man I grant you:

But to maintaine that life, I'll ne're consent to die.

This is a rule I still will keepe in brest,

Loue well thy husband wench but thy selfe best

Thais. I haue followed your counsell hetherto, and meane to doe still.

Lady. Come: we neglect our businesse, 'tis no iesting,

To morrow they are executed leasse we reprine them,

Wee be their destinies to cast their fate.

Let's all goe.

Abig. I feare not to come late.

Exeunt

Enter. Don Sago Solus with a case of Pistols.

Sago. Day was my night, and night must be my day.

The sunne shin'd on my pleasure, with my loue,

And darknesse must lend aide to my reuenge,

The stage of heau'n, is hung with solemne, black,

A time best fitting, to Act Tragedies,

The nights great *Queene*, that maiden gouernesse

Musters black clouds, to hide her from the world,

Afraide to looke on my bold enterprife.

Curs'd creatures messengers of death, possesse the world,

Night-Rauens; scritch-owles, and vote-killing Mandrakes.

The ghosts of misers, that imprison'd gold,

Within the harmelesse bowels of the earth,

Are nights companions: bawdes to lust and murder,

Be all propitious to me Act of iustice:

Vpon the scandalizers of her fame,

That

The insatiate Countesse.

That is the life-blood of deliciousnesse,
Deem'd *Isabella*, *Cupids* Treasurer,
whose soule contains the richest gifts of loue:
Her beautie from my heart, feare doth expell?
They relish pleasure best, that dread not hell.
who, s there?

Enter Count Rogero.

Rog. A friend to thee, if thy intents be iust & honorable.

Sago. Count *Rogero*, speake, I am the watch.

Rog. My name is *Rogero*: do'st thou know me?

Sago. Yes slanderous villaine, nurse of Obloquie,
Whole poison'd breath, has speckl'd cleane fac't vertue,
And made a Leper of *Isabella's* fame.

That is as spotlesse, as the eye of heauen.

Thy vitall threds a cutting, start not slaue,
Hee's sure of sudden death, heauen cannot saue

Count Rog. Art not *Gniaca* turn'd Apostata, has pleasure
once againe

Turn'd thee againe a diuell, art not *Gniaca*? hah?

Sago. O that I were, then would I stab my selfe,
For he is mark't for death, as well as thee:

I am *Don Sago* thy mortall enemye,
Whose hand loue makes thy executioner.

Rog. I know thee valiant Spaniard, and to thee
Murders more hatefull, then is sacriledge

Thy actions euer haue bene honorable.

Sago. And this the crowne of all my actions,
To purge the earth, of such a man turn'd monster.

Rogero. I neuer wrong'd thee Spaniard, did I? speake
I'll make thee satisfaction like a souldiour *Tell him all the*
A true Italian, and a Gentleman: *Please*
Thy rage is treacherie without a cause.

Sago. My rage is iust, and thy heart bloud shall know,
He that wrongs beautie, must be honours foe:

Isabels quarrell, armes the Spaniards spirit,

Rogero. Murder should keepe with basenesse, not with merit:
I'll answer thee to morrow by my soule,

The insatiate Countesse.

And cleare thy doubts, or satisfie thy wil.

Sago. Hee's warres best scholler, can with safety kill.

Take this to night, now meete with me to morrow, *Shootes.*

I co ne *Isabella*, halfe thy hate is dead,

Valour makes murder light, which feare makes dead.

Capt. The pistoll was shot here seize him, *Enter Capt.*

Bring lights, what *Don Sago* Collonell of the horse? *with a band*

Ring the Alarum bell, raise the whole Citie, *of Soldiers.*

His Troops are in the towne, I feare treacherie :

Whose this lies mured, speake bloud-thirstie Spaniard.

Sago. I haue not spoil'd his face, you may know his visage.

Capt. 'Tis Count *Rogero*, goe conuay him hence,

Thy life proud Spaniard, answers this offence,

A strong guard for the prisoner, lesse the cities powers

Rise to rescue him. *Begirt him with souldiours.*

Sago. What needs this strife?

Know slaues, I prize reuenge aboue my life.

Fames register to future times shall tel

That by *Don Sago*, Count *Rogero* fell.

Exeunt omnes.

Finis Acti Quarti.

Actus quintus Scena prima.

Enter. Medina, the dead body of Guido Alsar Count.

Arsena, and Souldiours. *Don Sago* guarded, Executioner, Scaffold.

Medina. **D**on Sago quak'st thou not to behold this spectacle
This innocent sacrifice mured noblenes,
When bloud the maker euer promiseth,
Shall though with slow yet with sure vengeance rest.
It's a guerdon earn'd, and must be paid,

The insatiate Countesse.

As sure reuenge, as it is sure a deede:
I ne'r knew murder yet, but it did bleed.
Canst thou after so many fearefull conflicts,
Betweene this object, and thy guilty conscience,
Now thou art freed from out the serpents lawes,
That vilde Adulteresse, whose forceries
Doth draw chaste men into incontinence:
Whose tongue flowes ouer with harmefull eloquence.
Canst thou I say repent this hainous Act,
And learne to loath, that killing Cockatrice?

Sago. By this flesh blood, that from thy manly breast,
I cowardly fluckt out, I would in hell,
From this sad minute, till the day of doome:
To re-inspire vaine *Æsculapius*.
And fill these crimson conduits, feeble the fire
Due to the damned, and his horrid fact

Medi. Vpon my soule, braue Spaniard I beleue thee.

Sago. O cease to weepe in blood, or teach me toe,
The bubbling wounds, doe murmure for reuenge:
This is end of lust, where men may see,
Murders the shadow of Adultery:
And followes it to death.

Medi. But hopefull Lord, wee doe commiserate,
Thy bewitch't fortunes, a free pardon giue:
On this thy true and noble penitence.
With all we make thee Collonell of our horse;
Leuied against the proud Venecian state.

Sago. Medina, I thanke thee not, giue life to him,
That sits with Ritus, and the full cheek't Bacchus,
The rich and mighty Monarches of the earth,
To me life is tentimes more terrible,
Then death can be to me, O breake my breast:
Diuines and dying men may talke of hell,
But in my heart the feuerall torments dwell.
What Tanais, Nilus? or what Tigris swift?
What Rhenus fierer then the Cataract?

H 3.

Although

The insatiate Countesse.

Although Neptolis cold, the waues of all the Northerne sea.
Should flow for euer, through these guilty hands,
Yet the sanguinolent staine would extant be.

Medina. God pardon thee, we doe.

Enter a messenger.

A shoute.

Mess. The Countesse comes my Lord, vnto the death :
But so vnwillingly and vnprepar'd,
That she is rather forc't, thinking the summe
She sent to you of twenty thousand pound;
Would haue assured her of life.

Medina. O Heauens !

Is she not wearie yet of lust and life ?
Had it bin *Cressus* wealth, she should haue died ;
Her goods by law, are all confiscate to vs,
And die she shall : her lust
Would make a slaughter house of *Italy*.
Ere she attain'd to foure and twenty yeeres;
Three Earles, one Vicount, & this valiant Spaniard,
Are knowne toa beene the fuell of to her lust :
Besides her secret louers, which charitably
I iudge to haue beene but few, but some they were
Here is a glasse, wherein to view her soule,
A Noble, but vnfortunate Gentleman,
Cropt by her hand, as some rude passenger
Doth plucke the tender Roses in the budde,
Murder and lost, the least of which is death,
And hath she yet any false hope of breath ?

*Enter Isabella, with her haire hanging downe, a chaplet
of flowers on her head. a nosegay in her hand, Exe-
cutioner before her, and with her a Cardinall.*

Isa. what place is this ?

Car. Madam, the Castle Greene.

Isab. There should be dancing on a Greene I thinke.

Car. Madam : to you none other then your dance of death.

Isa. Good my Lord Cardinall doe not thunder thus,
I sent to day to my Phisician,

And

The insatiate Countesse.

And as he say's he findes no signe of death.

Card. Good Madame, doe not iest away your soule.

Isab. O seruant, how hast thou be trai'd my life? *To Sago.*

Thou art my dearest louer now I see,

Thou wilt not leaue me, till my very death.

Bless't by thy hand, I sacrifice a kisse

To it and vengeance : worthily thou didst,

He died deseruedly, not content to inioy

My youth and beauty, riches and my fortune :

But like a Chronicler of his owne vice,

In Epigrams and songs, he tun'd my name,

Renown'd me for a Strumpet in the Courts,

Of the French King, and the great Emperor.

Didst thou not kill him druncke.

Medina. O shamelesse woman !

Isab. Thou shouldest, or in the embraces of his lust,
It might haue beene a womans vengeance.

Yet I thanke thee *Sago* and would not wish him liuing
Were my life instant ransome.

Card. Madame : in your soule haue charitie.

Isab. Ther's money for the poore. *Gives him money.*

Card. O Lady this is but a branch of charitie,
An ostentation, or a libera'l pride :

Let me instruct your soule, for that, I feare,

Within the painted sepulcher of flesh,

Lies in a dead consumption : good Madame, read *gives a*

Isab. You put me to my booke my Lord, will *booke.*
not that saue me.

Card. Yes Madam, in the euerlasting world.

Sago. Amen, Amen.

Isab. While thou wert my seruant, thou hast euer said,
Amen to all my wishes, witnesse this spectacle :

Where's my Lord *Medina*?

Medina. Here *Isabella*. What would you?

Isab. May we not be repriu'd?

Medina.

The infatiate Countesse.

Medina. Mine honors past, you may not,

Isab. No, tis my honor past,

Medina. Thine honors past indeed.

Isa. Then there's no hope of absolute remission.

Medina. For that your holy Confessor will tell you,
Be dead to this world, for I sweare you dye,
Were you my fathers daughter.

Isab. Can you doe nothing my Lord Cardinall?

Card. More then the world sweet Lady, helpe to saue
what hand of man, wants power to destroy.

Isab. You'r all for this world, then why not I?
Were you in health and youth, like me my Lord,
Although you merited the crowne of life.
And stood in state of grace, assur'd of it:

Yet in this fearefull separation,
O'd as you are. e'netill your latest gaspe,
You'd crauethe help of the Philition:
And wish your dayes lengthn'd one summer longer,
Though all begriefe, labour and misery,
Yet none will part with it, that I can see.

Medina. Vp to the scaffold with her, 'tis late.

Isab. Better late then neuer my good Lord you thinke:
You vse square dealing, *Medina's* mighty Duke:

Tyrant of France, sent hither by the diuell. *She ascends the*

Medina. The fitter to meete you. *Scaffold.*

Card. Peace: Good my Lord in death doe not prouoke her.

Isab. Seruant low as my destiny I kneele to thee, *To Sago.*
Honouring in death, thy manly loyaltie:

And what so e'er become of my poore soule,
The ioyes of both worlds euermore be thine.
Commend me to the Noble Count *Eniaca.*

That should haue shared thy valour, and my hatred:
Tell him I pray his pardon, and

Medina, art yet inspir'd from heau'n,
Shew thy Creators Image: be like him,
Father of mercy.

Medina

The insatiate Countesse.

Medina. Head's man, doe thine office.

Isa. Now God lay all thy sinnes vpon thy head,
And sinke thee with them, to infernall darknesse,
Thou teacher of the furies cruelty.

Card. O Madame: teach your selfe a better prayer,
This is your latest hower.

Isab. He is mine enemy, his sight torments me,
I shall not die in quiet.

Med. I'll be gone: off with her head there.

Exit.

Isa. Tak'st thou delight, to torture misery?
Such mercie finde thou in the day of doome.

Sould. My Lord, here is a holy Frier desires, *Enter Roberto.*
To haue some conference with the prisoners. *Count of Cipres*

Roberto. It is in priuate, what I haue to say, *in Friars weeds.*
With fauour of your father-hood.

Card. Frier: in Gods name welcome. *Roberto ascends.*

Rob Lady: it seemes your eye is still the same, *to Isabella.*
Forgetfull of what most it should behold,
Doe not you know me then?

Isab. Holy Sir: so farre you are gone from my memorie.
I must take truce with time, ere I can know you.

Roberto. Beare record all, you blessed Saints in heau'n,
I come not to torment thee in thy death;
For of himselfe hee's terrible enough,
But call to minde a Ladie like your selfe.
And thinke how ill in such a beauteous soule,
Vpon the instant morrow of her nuptials,
Apostasie and vildereuolt would shew:
With all imagine that she had a Lord,
Iealous, the Aire should rauish her chaste lookes:
Doating like the creator in his models,
Who viewes them euery minute, and with care,
Mixt in his feare of their obedience to him.
Suppose he sung through famous *Italy*,
More common then the looser songs of Petrarch:
To euery seuerall Zanies instrument,

I

And

The insatiate Countesse.

And he poore wretch, hoping some better fate,
Might call her back from her Adulterate purpose:
Lives in obscure, and almost vnkowne life,
Till hearing, that she is coudema'd to die:
For he oncelou, d her, lends his pined corps,
Motion to bring him to her stage of honour
Where drown'd in woe: at her so dismall chance,
He claspes her: thus he falls into a trance.

Isab. O my offended Lord lift vp your eyes:
But yet auert them from my loathed sight.
Had I with you inioyed the lawfull pleasure,
To which belongs, nor feare, nor publike shame:
I might haue lin'd in honour, died, in fame.
Your pardon on my faultring knees I begge:
Which shall confirme more peace vnto my death,
Then all the graue instructions of the Church.

Roberto. Pardon belongs vnto my holy weeds,
Freely thou hast it, farewell my *Isabella.*
Let thy death ransom thy soule, O die a rare example,
The kisse thou gau'st me in the church, heretake,
As I leaue thee, so thou the world forsake, *Exit Roberto.*

Clarid. Rare accident, ill welcome noble Lord:
Madam: your executioner desires you to forgiue him:

Isab. Yes and giue him too, what must I doe my friend?

Executioner. Madame: ouely tie vp your haire.

Isabella. O these golden nets,
That haue insnar'd so many wanton youthes,
Not one but ha's beene held a thred of life,
And superstitionfly depended on,
Now to the block, we must vaile: what else?

Executioner. Madame: I must intreat you blind your eyes.

Isabella. I haue lined too long in darknesse my friend:
And yet mine eies with their maiesticque light,
Haue got new Muses, in a Poets spright.
They haue beene more gazed at then the God of Day:
Their brightnes neuer could be flattered,

Yes

The insatiate Countesse.

Yet thou command'st a fixed cloud of Lawne,
To Eclipse eternally these minutes of light.
What else?

Executioner. Now Madame: all's done,
And when you please, I'll execute my office.

Isabella. We will be for thee straight.
Give me your blessing my Lord Cardinall:
Lord, I am well prepar'd:

Murder and lust, downe with my ashes sinke:
But like ingratefull seede perishe in earth,
That you may neuer spring against my soule,
Like weedes to choake it in the heavenly harvest,
I fall to rise, mount to thy maker, spirit,
Leaue here thy body, death ha's her demerit.

Strike

Cardin. An host of Angels be thy conuey hence.

Medina. To funerall with her body, and this Lords:
None here I hope can taxe vs of iniustice:
She died deseruedly, and may like fate,
Attend all women so insatiate.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Amago the Duke, the Watch and Senators.

Duke. I am amaxed at this maze of wonder,
Wherein no thred or clue presents it selfe,
To winde vs from the obscure passages,
What saies my Nephew?

Watch. Still resolute my Lord, and doth confesse the theft.

Duke. Wee'll vse him like a fellow, cut him off:
For feare he doe pollute our sounder parts.
Yet why should he steale,
That is a loaden Vine? riches to him,
Were adding sands into the Libian shore,
Or farre lesse charitie: what say the other prisoners?

Watch. Like men my Lord, fit for the other world,
They tak't vpon their death, they slew your Nephew.

Duke. And he is yet alive, keepe them asunder
We may sent out the wile.

The insatiate Countesse.

*Enter Claidiana and Rogero bound: with a
Frier and Officers.*

Rogero. My friend; is it the rigour of the law
I should be tied thus hard, lie vndergoe it:
If not, prethee then slacken; yet I haue deseru'd it,
This murder lies heauie on my conscience.

Claid. Wedlocke, I here's my wedlocke; O whore, whore,
whore.

Frier. O Sir be quallified.

Claid. Sir: I am to die a dogges death, and will snarle a
little

At the old Segnior, you are onely a Parenthesis,
Which I will leaue out of my execrations; bu first
To our *quondam* wines, thar makes vs cry our Vow els
In red Capitall letters, *you* are cuckoldes, O may
Bastard bearing with the panges of child birth, be
Doubled to him: may they haue euer twins
And be three weeke in trauell betweene, may thy be,
So Riuell'd with painting by that time they are thirty that it
May be held a worke of condigne merit
But to looke vpon'em, may they lue,
To ride in triumph in a Dung-cart
And be crown'd with al the odious ceremonies belonging to't:
May the cucking stoole be their recreation,
And a dongeon their dying chamber,
May they haue nine lines like a Cat, to endure this and more:
May they be burnt for witches of a sudden,
And lastly, may the opinion of Philosophers
proue true, that women haue no soules.

Enter THAIS and ABIGALL.

Thais. What husband? at your prayers so seriously?

Clary. Yes: a few orisons; Frier. thou that stand'st betweene
The soules of men and the diuell,
Keepe these female spirits away,
Or I will renounce my faith else.

Abig. Oh husband, I little thought to see you in this taking.

Rogero.

The insatiate Countesse.

Rogero. O whore, I little thought to see you in this taking,
I am gouernour of this castle of cornets,
My graue will be stumbl'd at, thou adulterat whore,
I might haue liu'd like a Marchant.

Abig. So you may still husband.

Rogero. Peace, thou art verie quicke with me.

Abig. I by my faith, and so I am husband,
Belike you know I am with child.

Rogero. A bastard, a bastard, a bastard:
I might haue liu'd like a gentleman,
And now I must die like a Hanger on:
Shew trickes vpon a wooden horse,
And runne through an Alphabet of scurvie faces:
Do not expect a good looke from me.

Abig. O mee vnfortunate!

Clarid. O to thinke whilst we are singing the last *Hymne*,
And readie to be turn'd off,
Some new tune is inuventing, by some Metermonger,
To a scurvie Ballad of our death,
Againe at our funerall Sermons,
To haue the Diuine, diuide his text into faire branches:
Oh, flesh and blood cannot indure it,
Yet I will take it patiently like a grane man,
Hangman, tie not my halter of a true louers knot.
I shall burst it if thou doost.

Thas. Husband, I doe beseech you on my knees,
I may but speake with you. I'le winne your pardon,
Or with teares like Niobe bedew a.

Clarid. Hold thy water Crocodile, and say I am bound
To doe thee no harme: were I free yet I could not
Be looser then thou: For thou art a whore.

Agamemnons daughter that was sacrific'd
For a good winde, felt but a blast of the torments:
Thou should'st indure, I'd make thee swound
Ofner, then that fellow that by his coniuinall practise
Hopes to become Drum Maior.

The insatiate Countesse.

What saist thou to tickling to death with bodkins?
But thou hast laught too much at me alreadie, whore.
Iustice O Duke, and let me not hang in suspence.

Abig. Husband: I'll naile me to the earth, but I'll
Winne your pardon.

My Jewels, iointure, all I haue shall flye:
Apparell bedding; I'll not leaue a Rugge;
So you may come off feirely.

Clarid. I'll come off fairely. Then beg my pardon,
I had rather Chirurgions hall should begge my dead bodie
For an Anatomie, then thou begge my life:
Iustice O Duke, and let vs die.

Duke. Signior, thinke, and dally not with heauen,
But freely tell vs, did you doe the murther?

Rogero. I haue confest it, to my ghostly father;
And done the Sacrament of penance for it.
What would your highnesse more?

Clar. The like haue I, what would your highnesse more?
And here before you all tak' to my death.

Duke. In Gods name then on to the death with them,
For the poore widdowes that you leaue behinde,
Though by the law, their goods are all confiscate,
Yet wee'll be their good Lord, and giue'em them.

Clari. Oh hell of hels. Why did not we hire some villaine to
fire our houses?

Reg. I thought not of that, my minde was altogether of the
gallowes.

Clar. May the wealth I leaue behinde me, helpe to damne her,
And as the cursed fate of curtezan,
What she gleanes with her traded art,
May one as a most due plague cheat from,
In the last dorage of her tired lust,
And leaue her an vnpyttied age of woe.

Rogero. Amen, Amen.

Watchm. I neuer heard men pray more feruently.

Rogero. O that a man had the instinct of a Lyon,

He

The insatiate Countesse.

He knowes when the Lionesse plaies fals to him:
But these solaces, these women,
They bring man to gray haire before he be thirtie.
Yet they cast out such mists of flatterie from their breath,
That a mans lost againe; sure I fell into my marriage bed drunke:
Like the Leopard, well with sober eyes would I had auoided it;
Come grane and hide me from my blasted fame; *Exeunt Ambo*
O that thou could'st as well conceale my shame: *with officers,*
Thais. Your pardon & your fauour gracious duke *Women kneele.*
At once we doe implore, that haue so long.
Deceiu'd your royall expectation,
Assur'd that the Comick knitting vp.
Will moue your spleene, vnto the proper vse,
Of mirth, your naturall inclination:
And wipe away the watery collored anger,
From your inforced cheek.

Faire Lord, beguile
Them and your selfe, with a pleasing smile.

Duke. Now by my life I doe, faire Ladies rise,
I nee'r did purpose any other end,
To them and these designs.

I was inform'd,
Of some notorious errour, as I sate in iudgment-
And doe you heere? these night workes require a Catseyes
To impierce delected darknesse: call backe the prisoners.

Clari. Now what other troubled newes, *Enter Clari.*
That we must back thus? *and Rogero*
Ha's any Senator beg'd, my pardon *with officers.*
Vpon my wiues prostitution to him.

Rog. What a spight's this, I had kept in my breath of purpose
Thinking to goe away the quieter, and must we now backe?

Duke. Since you are to die, wee'll giue you winding sheetes,
Wherein you shall be shrouded aliue,
By which we winde out all these miseries.
Segnior Rogero, bestow a while your eye,
And reade here of your true wines chastity. *Gives him a Letter*
Rogero,

The insatiate Countesse.

Rog. Chastitie? I will sooner expect a Iesuities recantation:
Or the great Turkes conuersion, then her chastitie.
Pardon my leige, I will not trust mine eyes:
Women and Diuels, will deceine the wife,

Duke. The like Sir is apparant on your side, *To rother.*

Clar. Who? my wife? chaste? ha's your grace your sense,
I'le sooner beleue

A coniurer may say his prayers with zeale,
Then her honestie. Had she been an Hermaphrodite
I would scarce hath giuen credit to you,
Let him that hath drunke loue drugs trust a woman,
By heau'n I thinke, the aire is not more common.

Duke. Then we impose a strict command vpon you:
On your Allegeance, reade what there is writ,

Clar. A writ of errour, on my life my liege.

Duke. You'le finde it so I feare.

Cla. What haue we here the Art of Brachigraphy? *Looke on.:*

Thais. Hee's stung already, as if his eyes were turn'd on *Per-*
ses shield.

There motion is fixt, like to the poole of Stix,

Abig. Yonders our flames; and from the hollow Arches,
Of his quick eyes, comes comet traines of fire:

Bursting like hidden furies, from their Canes,

Your's till he sleepe, the sleepe of all

The world, *Rogero.*

Rogero, Marry and that Lethergie seize you, reade againe.

Clar. Thy seruant so made by his stars, *Rogero.* *Reads againe.*
A fire on your wandring starres *Rogero.*

Rog. Sathan, why hast thou tempted my wife? *To Clarid.*

Cla. Peace, seducer, I am branded in the forehead
With your starre-marke. May the starres drop vpon thee,
And with their sulphure vapours choake thee, ere thou
Come at the gallowes.

Rogero. Stretch not my patience *Manomet.*

Clarid. Termagant that will stretch thy, patience,

Rogero. Had I knowne this I would haue poison'd thee in
the Chalice, *This*

The insatiate Countesse.

This morning, when we receaued the Sacrament.

Clari. Slaue, knowst thou this? tis an Appendix to the Letter,
But the greater temptation is hidden within.

I will scowre thy gorge like a Hawke: thou shalt swallow thine
owne stone in this letter, *They bustle.*

Seal'd and deliuered in the presence of.

Duke. Keepe them asunder, list to vs, we command.

Clari. O violent villayne, is not thy hand hereto?
And writ in bloud to shew thy raging lust?

Thais. Spice of a new halter, when you goe ranging thus like
Deuills, would you might burne for't as they doe.

Rogero. Thus tis to lye with another mans wife:

He shalbe sure to heare on't againe

But we are friends, sweet duke.

Kisse her.

And this shall be my maxime all my life,

M A N neuer happy is till in a wife.

Clari. Here sunke our hate lower then any whirlpooke.

And this chaste kisse I giue thee for thy care.

kisse.

That fame of women full as wise as faire.

Duke. You haue saued vs a labour in your loue

But Gentlemen, why stood you so preposterously?

Would you haue head long runne to Infamy,

In so defam'd a death?

Rogero. O my Liege, I had rather rore to death with *Phalaris*

Bull, then *Darius* like, to haue one of my wings extend to *Atlas*,

the other to *Europe*.

What is a Cuckold learne of me,

Few can tell his pedigree,

Nor his subtile nature conster.

Borne a man, but dyes a monster,

Yet great Antiquaries say,

They spring from our *Methusala*,

Who after *Noahs* flood was found,

To haue his Crest with branches crown'd,

God in *Edens* happy shade,

This same creature made.

K

Then

The insatiate Gaudesse.

Then to cut off all mistaking
Cuckolds are of womens making,
From whose snares, good Lord deliver vs.

Clari. Amen, Amen.

Before I would proue a Cuckold, I would indure a winters Pil-
grimage in the Frozen Zone,
Goe starke naked through Muscouia, where the Climate is 9
degrees colder then ice.

And thus much to all married men,

Now I see great reason why

Loue should marry ielousie:

Since mans best of life is fame,

He had neede preferue the same,

When tis in a womans keeping,

Let not *Argos*, eyes be sleeping.

The poxe is vnto Panders giuen

By the better powers of heauen.

That containes pure chastity,

And each Virgin soueraignery,

Wantonly she op't and lost:

Gift where of, a God might boast.

Therefore shouldst thou *Diana* wed,

Yet be ielalous of her bed.

Duke. Night, like a *Masque*, is entred heauens great hall,

With thousand Torches vshering the way:

To *Risus*, will wee consecrate this Euening,

Like *Misfermis* cheating of the brack.

Weele make this night the day. Faire ioyes befall

Ys and our Actions. Are you pleased all?

FFNIS.

